#3

The Minden Echo
AND HALIBURTON COUNTY RECORDER.

VOL. II. NO 7.
Terms—One Dollar per annum.

MINDEN, ONTARIO, OCTOBER 2nd, 1885.

GEORGE H. SMALL,
Publisher and Proprietor.

BUSINESS CARDS.

DR. CURRY,
Office in rear of Post Office.
MINDEN, ONT.
Special Office hours—Wednesdays and Saturdays from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m.

P. CONWAY, AUCTIONEER FOR the County of Haliburton, Haliburton P. O., Ont.

H. GRAHAM, ISSUER OF MARRIAGE Licenses, Commissioner in B. R., etc., Kinmount, Ont.

F. D. MOORE, BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, Solicitor and Notary Public. MONEY TO LOAN. Office, Kent st., Lindsay.

W. PRUST, TOWNSHIP AND DIVISION Court Clerk, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, Life and Fire Insurance agent, Haliburton, Ont.

BARRON & SMITH, BARRISTERS at Law, Solicitors in Chancery, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc , Lindsay, Ont.
JOHN A. BARRON. J. B. SMITH.

WM. FIELDING,
CROWN LAND AGENT.
Issuer of Marriage Licenses, Conveyancer, etc. Office on Water street, Minden, Ont.

M. BROWN, Minden,
COUNTY TREASURER,
Conveyancer, etc. Office in Pearce's Block, Main street.

A. P. DEVLIN, BARRISTER AND Attorney at Law, Solicitor in Chancery, County Crown Attorney County of [illegible]. Office next door to post office, Lindsay, Ontario.

JOHN H. DELAMERE,
COUNTY CLERK PROV. CO. HALIBURTON,
Insurance Agent, Conveyancer, Valuator, etc., etc. Licensed Auctioneer for the County, Minden, Ont.

BENJAMIN TROTT,
CABINET MAKER AND UNDERTAKER.
All kinds of Carpentry done cheaply and neatly and on short notice. Orders left with him or sent by mail for undertaking will be promptly attended to.

R. C. GARRATT, MINDEN,
BAILIFF FIRST DIVISION COURT,
Provisional County of Haliburton; County Auctioneer, agent for all kinds of agricultural implements. Accounts promptly collected. Estates assigned to him will receive proper attention. Orders left at Curry's Drug Store will be promptly filled.

DRS. BURROWS & GRAHAM,
LINDSAY, ONTARIO.
Physicians, Surgeons &c. Office and residence directly opposite Carr's Hotel, William Street, Lindsay. Calls from the country will receive prompt attention.
F. PALMER BURROWS, M. D. C. M., M. C. P. S. &c. Graduate McGill College, Montreal, 1866.
H. H. GRAHAM, M. D. C. M. late of Soho Hospital, London, F. T. M. S. & M. R. C. S. Eng.

WATCHMAKING.

As I have removed from Haliburton to Kinmount and established a permanent business, I hope to secure the patronage of old customers and many new ones. Orders from Minden by stage will receive prompt attention.

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, AND SEWING MACHINES
cleaned and repaired on short notice.

J. C. DEWING.
Kinmount, May 13th, 1885.

KINMOUNT HOUSE, KINMOUNT.
JOSEPH BOWIE, PROPRIETOR.
The above premises have recently been fitted up in good style for a first-class hotel, and the public can be assured of the best accommodation [illegible] rates. The bar is supplied with all the best brands of liquors and cigars. Large stables and sheds and an attentive hostler. Office of the Minden and Kinmount stage line.

MINDEN HOTEL,
JAMES BUCK, PROPRIETOR.
This hotel has been refitted and refurnished throughout, and now stands second to none in the northern district. First-class accommodation for the travelling public; the tables are supplied with all the freshest seasonable delicacies, and the bar is carefully kept replete with the choicest brands of wines, liquors and cigars. Good stabling and attentive hostlers.

JEWETT HOUSE, LINDSAY.
CORNER KENT AND YORK STREETS.
This hotel has lately been purchased by Mr. Waters, late of Port Perry and Toronto, and is now fitted up in first-class style. It is the most centrally situated hotel in Lindsay, and offers extra facilities to those visiting the town, being convenient to all the principal business places and the post office. The bar is always supplied with the choicest liquors. All are welcome. Charges moderate.

HALIBURTON HOUSE,
HALIBURTON, ONTARIO.
This large and well-furnished hotel is supplied with all the accommodations of a first-class house. It is the longest established house in the village, is in convenient location for telegraph office, railway station and post office. The bar is supplied with the choicest brands of wines, liquors and cigars. Meals at all hours. Charges moderate. Attentive hostler and stabling free. GEO. LIPPETT, Proprietor.

DOMINION HOTEL,
MINDEN, ONTARIO.
The proprietor of this well-known hotel wishes to inform his friends and acquaintances and the public that since he has rented this house he has made it both internally and externally suitable to all those who may favour him with a call. Good sample rooms, large and commodious stabling and store houses. A well-kept table. Meals to be had at all hours. The bar well supplied [illegible], liquors, ales, and cigars, of the [illegible] quality. JAMES MORROW.
Huntsmen stopping at this house will be furnished with dogs, canoes and help.

BOOTS & SHOES

JUST ARRIVED

A very fine, a very large and well selected stock, both Factory and Hand made, from heavy shanty and river Boots to the finest ladies wear.

MY STOCK OF

BOOTS AND SHOES, DRY GOODS
AND GROCERIES,
STOVES & TINWARE,

is very complete, all of which will be offered at Bottom Prices.

Sanderson, Pearcy & Coy's Mixed Paints ready for the brush, $1.50 per gallon. Boiled Oil 90 cents per gallon. All other paints, putty and glass equally low.

OUR TIN SHOP

is again in full blast. All goods made of the best stock. No small store or pedlars' trash kept here. Repairing done on shortest notice.

ALEX. McINTOSH. - MINDEN

THAT "YOUNG" MAN,

WHO BY THE STATEMENT OF A FEW SIMPLE FACTS AND THE QUOTATION OF HIS PRICES HAS DRIVEN CHEAP VENDORS INTO A PERFECT FRENZY OF RAGE IS STILL

BOOMING AWAY,

giving the benefits of his best efforts to his patrons. We stated in a previous advertisement that by our Policy we "forced the cheap houses into heavier onslaughts on their prices, this we are doing every day and still continue to do despite the bullying attitude of the "Exchange." We are bound to make ourselves useful to the people in more ways than one. When Good Goods are on the market at close cut prices, Cheap Stuff must be sacrificed. We are grateful to the public for their liberal patronage and to prove this we offer for their consideration following price list:

Men's Long Boots, $1.75 per pair; Women's Lace Boots [illegible] cents; 26 yards Cotton for $1.00; 26 yards Print for $1.00; 13 yards Dress Goods for $1.00; 12 yards Linen for $1.00; 18 lbs. Bright Sugar for $1.00; 3 Cans Mackerel for 25 cents; 3 Bottles Pickles for 25 cents; 2 large Boxes Matches for 25 cents.

How do you like this for Amunition--We use the Gatling Gun. We do not deal in TRASH and we court the closest scrutiny into all our transactions.

E. C. YOUNG,
Manager.

J. F. YOUNG, MINDEN.

N. B.--We get up our own advertisements and don't engage Commercial Drummers to do it for us.

W. H. HILL'S GENERAL AGENCY.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

THE SUN
LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA,

Offers Advantages to Assurers such as are not excelled by any company doing business. It issues Unconditional Indisputable Policies; pays claims in every case immediately on proof of death; Allows Days of Grace for the payment of Renewal Premiums; Loans Money on the security of its policies; Grants Annuities, and has not one contested or disputed claim on its books. THE SUN has $175 of Assets for every $100 of Liabilities. Total Assurances in Force, $11,000,000.

The Rev. DeWitt Talmage says:—"How a man with no surplus of estate, but still enough of money to pay the Premium of a Life Insurance Policy, can refuse to do it, and then look his children in the face, and say his prayers at night, on going to bed, expecting them to be answered, is a mystery to me that I have never yet been able to fathom. Procrastination is the devil's deception." Apply at once for a policy in THE SUN.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

THE QUEEN, of Liverpool.
THE IMPERIAL, of London.
THE GLASGOW & LONDON, of Great Britain.
THE NORWICH UNION, of Norwich and London.
THE NORTHERN, of Aberdeen.
THE MERCANTILE, of Canada.

W. H. HILL,
PETERBORO',
Man'r Peterboro' & Victoria branch

N.B.—The above Companies are noted for liberality and are of unquestionable financial standing.

W. Prust, Special Agent at Haliburton; E. B. LeRoy, Special Agent at Coboconk; Geo. Bick, Special Agent at Bobcaygeon; R. A. Hamilton, Travelling Agent.

DRUGS AND STATIONERY

HALIBURTON DRUG STORE

A full Stock of Drugs and Chemicals, Standard Patent Medicines, Oils, Dye Stuffs, Toilet Articles, Perfumery, Toilet Soaps, Sponges, Druggists' Sundries, School Books and Stationery, kept constantly on hand and will be sold at lowest prices.

Pure Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Uses.

A fine selection of Christmas and New Year's Cards at Low Prices.

The Following Lines Will Be Disposed of at greatly reduced prices:

Patent Medicines, Fancy Goods, Photograph and Autograph Albums, Photo Frames, Vases, Purses, Knives, Razors, Toilet Soaps, Lamps, Violin fittings, Lead Pencils, Pens, ink, &c. Also a variety of TOYS which will be sold off at COST PRICE.

Family Receipts and Prescriptions, Horse and Cattle Receipts carefully prepared at the

HALIBURTON DRUG STORE.
Haliburton, Oct. 1, 1885.

NOTICE.

I take this means of informing the public that I have again secured the services of a first-class miller, and that I am now in a position to guarantee my many customers that any work left in my charge will be done with good satisfaction and at the lowest possible living rates. Flour and Feed for sale.

SAW MILL.

My saw mill being in good running order and having a large supply of logs on hand, I am prepared to turn out lumber cheaper than any other mill in the back country. I am also prepared to furnish matched and V jointed flooring on short notice and at very low rates. I will give 5 per cent. discount for cash on all orders for the next three months. All kinds of lumber on hand.

NOTE—Parties indebted to me must settle their accounts before the 15th of October next, as after that date I will be obliged to put them in other hands for collection.

THOMAS STINSON.
Minden, Sept. 9th, 1885.

IT BEING

An Acknowledged Fact

THAT

EASTMAN

Never keeps old stock on hand, he is therefore offering at present his goods at reduced prices to make room for his

NEW FALL STOCK,

which is arriving daily. He does just what he says; so don't fail to call before going home at EASTMAN'S NOTION HOUSE.

Minden, Sept. 24th, 1885.

R. W. THOMPSON,
Accountant, Commission
Real Estate and
General Financial Agent,
No. 1, Market Bl'k. [illegible] PETERBORO'
George and Simcoe S[illegible]
CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

FARM FOR SALE.

The subscriber offers for sale Lot 6, on the 5th Con. of Anson, containing one hundred acres, more or less, [illegible] acres cleared and under a good state of cultivation, the remainder in good hardwood timber, one good block house, good log barn 50x23, good log stable, first-class draw well and good water, small orchard. This farm is one of the most desirable in the north country and will be sold on reasonable terms. For particulars apply on premises or through Minden P. O. to GEORGE STEELE.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY ONTARIO DIVISION.

MAIN LINE.—Going East—Leave Peterboro—11.40 a.m., 11.11 [illegible]; Arrive Ottawa—6.07 p.m., 5.17 a.m. Arrive Montreal—9.42 p.m., 8.50 a.m.

Going West—Leave Peterboro—5.30 a.m., 6.43 p.m., 7.04 a.m. Arrive Toronto—8.30 a.m., 9.55 p.m., [illegible] a.m. Arrive St. Thomas—12.05 p.m., 5.25 p.m. Arrive Owen Sound—1.00 p.m., 10.20 p.m. Arrive Chicago—7.30 a.m., [illegible]

F. R. CURRY, Ticket Agent, Minden.
[illegible] McNICOLL, Gen. Pas'ger Agt. Toronto.
Minden, April 28, '85.—33.

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN.

A clear, bay yearling stallion colt with white star on forehead and the nigh hind foot white, either strayed or was stolen, from Lot 3 or 4, in the 2nd Con. of Sherbourne. Any person giving such information as will lead to its recovery will be suitably rewarded, and any person keeping the same on their premises after this date without notifying the owner of the same will be prosecuted. Information left at this office will be attended, or to JOHN CARNAHAN, Minden P. O.
Anson, Sept. 23, 1885.

LOCAL ECHOES.

Many Minor Matters Muchly Mixed.

IN TORONTO.—Miss Minnie McIntosh has been in Toronto for the past week ordering a large stock of fall millinery. Watch for the new advertisement and be ready to secure the latest styles.

BIG CROP OF POTATOES.—Mr. R. G. Haight, of South Lake, thinks he can beat the world on a big crop of potatoes. He says he raised 20 bushels White Elephant potatoes off a piece of ground 33 feet by 48. Who can beat it.

LOST.—On Wednesday of last week, a gentleman belonging to Minden township, lost a walking cane off his buggy while driving between here and Kinmount. The finder will please leave it at this office.

WE stated in our last issue that the proceeds of the social last week fully covered the cost of the late improvements to the Methodist parsonage, which was wrong, as we have been informed that the sum of $40 is wanting yet.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We have received several communications lately from S. S. No. 4, Lutterworth, which we will not publish until the writer furnishes us with his or her name. We do not want the name for publication, but merely as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents please note.

FIRE.—On Thursday evening, 17th inst., a fire broke out in the barn of Mrs. J. Dawson, Snowdon township. There being no person at home at the time, the barn and all its contents were consumed. It is supposed to be the work of an incendiary.

GAME LAWS.—The following are the seasons when local game may be hunted and killed:—Deer, 1st of October to 5th of December; partridge, 1st of September to 1st of January; woodcock 1st of August to 1st of January; waterfowl known as mallard, grey duck, black duck, wood, or summer duck, 15th of August to 1st of January; other duck, 15th of August to 1st of May; hare, from 1st of September to 1st of March.

FALL SHOW.—From present indications there is likely to be a very large and successful show here on the 10th inst., and we trust the present beautiful weather will continue until after that time, as this would ensure its entire success.

ENGLISH CHURCH.—St. Paul's Church is being overhauled and the interior fitted up in a neat and comfortable manner. We understand it is the intention to complete the work commenced last summer of renovating the whole inside of the building and making it more comfortable for the congregation.

VACCINATION.—It is probably not known that children not vaccinated are lawfully prohibited from attending our public schools. How many would be left in our school if this law were carried out? At this time, when smallpox is raging so fiercely in many parts of Canada, it is the duty of every parent to have his children vaccinated.

IMPROVEMENTS.—Mine host of the Dominion Hotel is improving his premises and preparing comfortable quarters for the travelling public by renovating and improving both the interior and exterior of his hotel. We notice the outside is being painted and plastered and will add both to the comfort and appearance of the building.

COUNTY BUILDINGS.—The employees of the Government are still busy upon the improvements of our court house and registry office here, and the county council have already the material chiefly purchased for the erection of brick offices for the county clerk and treasurer, with a suitable vault for the preservation of the books and records of the county. Altogether these buildings will enhance the general appearance of the village and add to its steady progress and prosperity. We understand the new offices are to be completed forthwith. Messrs. M. Brown and J. H. Delamere having the work in charge to push it to completion.

JUMBO.—When Jumbo's stomach was cut open at St. Thomas by the butchers, a miscellaneous collection of all sorts of articles, unfit for anything but goat and ostrich food, was found therein. The collection was composed of cartridges, buttons, nails, screws, stones, coins, etc., about half a peck in all. Amongst the coins are American nickels, Canadian coppers and a few silver pieces, but the largest number were British farthings, showing that Jumbo had been imposed upon by the guileless British gamins when he was the great attraction in the Zoo. A large number of persons are in possession of coins, nails, etc., taken from the Jumbo grub bag, and intend keeping them as momentoes. The exact weight of Jumbo's hide was 1,587 pounds.

GOOD ADVICE TO THE BOYS.—It is a bad season of the year for these roadside conclaves amongst the boys, inasmuch as the gardens of the villagers are about ripe for depredation. Now, boys, before the season's operations in this line commence, bear in mind that the pillaging is a bad business. If you pursue it your consciences will have to suffer a severe strain—and so will the picket fences. You will lose considerable sleep and so will those who have to stop up to guard their vegetables and fruit. It is, perhaps, the worst feature in the case that stolen fruit tastes the sweetest, for it gives boys a distaste for the legitimate fruit sold by honorable dealers. Then there is the danger of running into the old wells, getting anchored by the bull-dog, or running foul of the old man's number eleven. Upon the whole it would be advisable to rely on straight forward trade.

THE CHURCHES. — The Presbyterian Church here being without a pastor there are now no services held therein, but there is some hope that a stated resident clergyman will shortly be appointed to this part of the country. In the English Church here last Sunday the attendance was large and the congregation was delighted with the excellent sermon of Mr. Dean. This gentleman has laboured hard since his advent here, in the interests of both christianity and humanity, and is greatly esteemed by not only his own congregation but also his many warm and admiring friends amongst the members of other churches. In the evening, Rev. Mr. Sanders had a large congregation in the Methodist church, his services were of a very interesting character. The Rev. gentleman preached from Psalm ciii, 1st and 2nd verses, and entering into a conversational style of discourse showed his hearers the numerous blessings they were the recipients of at the hands of the Almighty. In describing these blessings he said he would refer only on that occasion to what might be termed "the left hand mercies of God," which were distributed equally to both the good and evil, there were those which were being momentarily dispersed by the hand of God to mankind generally, and of which too little attention was paid by the recipients, in fact so common were they that many scarcely noticed them or gave God the glory of his numerous benefactions. What he more particularly referred to was the faculty of mind, speech, thought, vision, hearing, powers of motion, taste, &c., &c., which were so universally and freely bestowed on mankind that they were neither thought of or appreciated as they should. The discourse was attentively listened to and apparently much appreciated by his hearers, and we understand it is the intention of Mr. Sanders on Sunday evening next to draw the attention of his congregation to some of "God's right handed benefits." No doubt there will be a large attendance.

THE following touching lament for a deceased wife, from a disconsolate editor of a Missouri paper, appears in the columns of that journal.—Thus my wife died. No more will those loving hands pull on my boots and part my back hair as only a wife can. Nor will those willing feet replenish the coal hod or water pail. No more will she arise amid the tempestuous storms of winter and hie away to the fire without disturbing the slumbers of the man who doted on her so artlessly. Her memory is embalmed upon my heart of hearts. I wanted to embalm her body, but I found I could embalm her memory cheaper. I procured of Eli Mudgett, a neighbor of mine, a very pretty gravestone. His wife was consumptive, and he kept it on hand several years in anticipation of her death. But she rallied last spring, and his hopes were blasted. Never shall I forget the poor man's grief when I asked him to part with it. "Take it, Skinner, he hoarsely whispered, and may you never know what it is to have your soul, disappointed as mine has been;" and he burst into a flood of tears. His spirit was indeed bitterly spoken. I had the following epitaph engraved upon the tombstone:—"To the memory of Tabitha, wife of Moses Skinner, Esq., gentlemanly editor of the Trombone. Terms, two dollars a year, invariably in advance. A kind mother and an exemplary wife. Office over Coleman's grocery, up two flights of stairs. Knock hard. We shall miss thee, mother; we shall miss thee. Job printing. Job printing solicited." Thus, like Rachel weeping for her children, did my lacerated spirit cry out in agony. But one ray of light penetrated the despair of my soul. The undertaker took his pay in job printing, and the sexton owed me a small account I should not have gotten any other way. Why should we pine at the mysterious ways of Providence and vicinity (not a conundrum)?

DIPTHERIA.—We are glad to learn that this disease is considerably abated and there are strong hopes that it has already spent its force and is now dying out, still it is absolutely necessary that every precaution be still taken to prevent the possibility of its spreading. We have heard during the past week of acts of gross carelessness calculated to spread the infection and we now again call the attention of the local Board of Health to the important duties they are called upon to perform in the interests of the settlers and the heavy responsibility resting upon them should they fail or neglect to discharge those duties, the eyes and the close attention of the public are upon them, and the people expect them to do their duty. There has only been one fatal case during the past week, a little boy of Mr. David Broughs, in the township of Lutterworth, and we are happy to be able to state that the remainder of Mr. Bell's family are steadily increasing towards convalescence.

HONOR ROLL of the Minden village school—Reading—1st Class—1st Fred Fielding, 2nd Charles Roy, 3rd Barbara McDougal. 3rd Class Jr—1st Edgar Croly, 2nd Mabel Mooney, 3rd Sarah Buck. 3rd Class Sr—1st Warren Curtis, 2nd Edith Watson, 3rd Louie Curry, Ettie Dillingham and Mary Dennison, equal. 4th Class—1st Archie McIntosh, 2nd Juliet McIntosh, 3rd Fred Eastman. Recitation—3rd Class Jr—1st Edgar Croly, 2nd Mabel Mooney, 3rd Sarah Buck. 3rd Class Sr—1st Edith Watson, 2nd Mary Dennison, 3rd Warren Curtis. 4th Class—1st Fred Eastman, 2nd J McIntosh, 3rd Archie McIntosh. Grammar—4th Class—1st Archie McIntosh, 2nd Juliet McIntosh, 3rd Fred Eastman. 3rd Class Sr—1st Louie Curry, 2nd Mary Dennison, 3rd Edith Watson. 3rd Class Jr—1st Mabel Mooney, 2nd Edgar Croly, 3rd Sarah Buck. Geography—4th Class—1st Archie McIntosh, 2nd Fred Eastman, 3rd Juliet McIntosh. 3rd Class Sr—1st Mary Dennison, 2nd Edith Watson, 3rd Etta Dillingham. 3rd Class Jr—1st Edgar Croly, 2nd Mabel Mooney, 3rd Sarah Buck. Arithmetic—1st Class—1st Charles Roy, 2nd Lester Palmer, 3rd Wm Morrow. 3rd Class Jr—1st Mabel Mooney, 2nd Edgar Croly, 3rd Sarah Buck. 3rd Class Sr—1st Mary Dennison, 2nd Edith Watson, 3rd Katie Scott. 4th Class—1st Archie McIntosh, 2nd Juliet McIntosh and Fred Eastman equal. Dictation—4th Class—1st Juliet McIntosh, 2nd Archie McIntosh, 3rd Fred Eastman. 3rd Class Sr—1st Mary Dennison, 2nd Katie Scott, 3rd Edith Watson. Writing—1st Class—Boys—1st Lester Palmer, 2nd Wm Morrow, 3rd Fred Fielding. Girls—1st Barbara McDougal, 2nd Annie Howse. 3rd Class Jr—Boys—1st Wm Fielding, 2nd Edgar Croly. Girls—1st Mabel Mooney, 2nd Sarah Buck and Winnie Turnbull equal. 3rd Class Sr—Boys [illegible]—1st Edith Watson, 2nd Ettie Dillingham. 4th Class—Boys—1st Archie McIntosh, 2nd Fred Eastman. Girls—Juliet McIntosh and Mary Dennison equal. Etymology—1st Fred Eastman, 2nd Juliet McIntosh.

LITTLE ECHOES.

One of our exchanges says the sweetest month in the world is the one that speaks the least scandal. We don't know about the scandal business, but we think we know where the sweetest mouth in the world is.

A subscriber wants to know if anything is more annoying than a love sick hired girl. It is a hard question for us to answer, but we think nothing could be worse except to have her poison herself on the parlor sofa.

An old bachelor living not over a hundred miles from Minden, showed his stockings which he had just darned to a young lady, who contemptuously remarked, "Pretty good for a man darner," whereupon the bachelor rejoined, "Yes, good enough for a woman, darn her."

Miss Nellie Dean, daughter of a millionaire lumber merchant of Chicago, whose father jokingly offered her a dollar for every cent she could earn, has gone to work as a factory girl in a spinning mill at Rockford at a salary of 60 cents a day. Both father and daughter assert that they will abide by the agreement. Nellie, come to Minden and learn to set type, we will give you 65 cents a day and board you.

A class of boys in one of our country Sabbath schools had learned to answer the questions in the catechism by rote. Last Sunday a stranger entered to examine them; but, unfortunately, the boy, who who was always at the head of the class, was absent. She stranger asked:—"Who made you?" and the boy answered:—"The dust of the earth." "Oh, no!" was the remonstration, "God made you." "No," was the response, "the boy that God made isn't here."

THE INDIAN TRIALS.

BATTLEFORD, N. W. T., Sept. 24.—The trials of several of the Indians who participated in the late rebellion were concluded before Judge Rouleau to-day. Considerable interest has been manifested in the proceedings from first to last and the courtroom has been crowded by residents of Battleford and vicinity, many of whom have known the prisoners intimately for years past.

SENTENCE OF WANDERING SPIRIT.

Wandering Spirit, the murderer of poor Quinn at Frog Lake, who, after a desperate attempt to commit suicide at Fort Pitt, expressed a wish to recover, that he might tell all he knew, acted during the whole of his trial in a way that showed his disgust for Big Bear and those whose fear led them to recommend a surrender to the police. When the prosecuting counsel asked for the sentence of the court on him, he rose and listened to the words that consigned him to the gallows without the movement of a muscle. After referring to the fairness and impartiality of the trial Judge Rouleau sentenced the prisoner to be hanged on the 27th of November.

SENTENCED TO PENITENTIARY.

Eight others were sentenced to various terms in the penitentiary. They are:—Fair Sky Thunder, fourteen years; Calling Bull, ten years; Little Wolf, ten years; Old Man, six years; Straight Man, six years; The Gopher, four years; Little Runner, four years; Lazy Man, two years for stealing and arson.

The settlers express the wish generally that Wandering Spirit's execution take place at the scene of his murders. Its effect on the Indians in that district would be far greater than if he were hanged here.

BATTLEFORD, N. W. T., Sept. 25.—The trials of four more of the Indians concerned in the rebellion were concluded at to-day's sitting of the Court, and sentence was pronounced by Judge Rouleau as follows:—

Dressy Man, Charlebois, and Bright Eyes were charged with the murder of Crazy Squaw. The two former were found guilty of murder and sentenced to be hanged. Bright Eyes was convicted of the lesser offence of manslaughter, his sentence being twenty years' imprisonment in the penitentiary.

Louis Mongrand, charged with the murder of Mounted Policeman Cowan, was found guilty, and also sentenced to be hanged.

The date of execution in all three cases is the same as that fixed yesterday in the case of Wandering Spirit, namely, the 27th of November.

WINNIPEG, Sept. 27.—Big Bear was formally sentenced last night at Regina by Judge Richardson to three years in the penitentiary. Two by Two and Othart of Big Bear's band got two years. Red Eagle and four Sioux were sentenced to three years. Five Crees, who forcibly entered a house north of Broadview and stole a horse, colt, and several oxen from Mr. Wiseman, received three years.

KINMOUNT KERNELS.

Correspondence of THE ECHO.

SOCIAL.—The social held in Scott's Hall on the 22nd inst. was a decided success. The receipts amounted to about $30, which was divided between the Baptist and Presbyterian students, Messrs Souter and Grant, in whose behalf the entertainment was held.

BASE BALL.—The "Invincibles" of this place are about disbanding for this season. Most of the boys are very busy and after working hours are over there is no time for practice. They have no fault to find with their season's play. A meeting has been called for Saturday night in Scott's Hall for the purpose of collecting the club's belongings. The mem[illegible] requested [illegible] present and bring all property in [illegible] possession belonging to the club.

FAREWELL SERMON.—Rev. Mr. Souter preached his farewell sermon on Sunday evening. He has been on the mission for five months and during that time has made many friends who regret his departure. He has been President of the Blue Ribbon Society for the past three months and has taken a deep interest in the cause of temperance. May success attend the continuation of his college career and also the after part of his life is the wish of his friends.

QUERIES.—If one of our "gallants" hadn't better take a lantern to church next Sunday and not be mistaking the old ladies for the young? If there really is to be another lumber mill built by one of our lumbermen on the site of the old one? Who will be the next?

SMALLPOX IN MONTREAL.

MONTREAL, Sept. 28.—The mortality from the smallpox epidemic is increasing, the deaths in the city alone last week up to Saturday evening being 245, and in the suburbs 75, making an aggregate of 320, of which 313 were French-Canadians and seven English. On Saturday and Sunday the total deaths in the city and suburbs were 100.

SUPINENESS OF THE AUTHORITIES.

Meetings of the Health Board and the Citizens' Vigilance Committee were held here to-day and were largely attended, the rapid spread of the disease arousing the citizens to express themselves emphatically on the intolerable delay that has occurred in providing hospital accommodation so that isolation of those suffering form the malady could take place. A leading manufacturer at the citizens' meeting said it was six weeks since he in company with a deputation waited on the civic authorities and requested that ample hospital accomodation be provided, but up to the present moment there is only room in the present hospital for 150 patients, whilst it is well known that there are four thousand cases of smallpox in the city itself, and not a single hospital for those suffering in the surrounding villages. He condemned very strongly such a state of affairs, and characterized it as a disgrace to the city.

ANTI-VACCINATION RIOTS.

The clergy of the Roman Catholic Church in their sermons yesterday recommended their parishioners to get vaccinated and to assist the health authorities in making vaccination universal. The advice has had little effect so far. The excitement over the stringent measures to compel vaccination among the lower French element is intense, and showed itself this morning by a mob attacking a branch of the Health Department opened in the east end and breaking the windows. Not satisfied with their performances on the health office in the morning, the French mob have been carrying destruction all round the city to-night. Their first exploit was on the city hall, where the central health office is situated, in which they demolished all the windows on the first and second floors. The next onslaught was on the Herald office, on Victoria square, where they fired missiles through the first and second storey windows. This was in return for that paper uncompromisingly supporting the authorities in carrying out compulsory vaccination.

THE NEXT ATTACK

was on the private mansion of Ald. Grenier, St. Denis street, the chairman of the Finance Committee of the corporation, where their destructive propensities were displayed with effect. They finally wound up their disorderly proceedings by breaking the windows of the city medical vaccinators in the east end and Hochelaga, all of whom are French Canadians. The loss all round is very heavy, whilst the city taxpayers will have to foot the bill for the damages perpetrated. If a heavy hand is not laid on the ringleaders there will be still more serious trouble, as there are open threats made of further demonstrations of a more violent nature. The following are the medical gentlemen who have suffered:—Doctors Laberge, the head of the staff, Lachapelle, Larocque, and Laporte.

LATER.—The mob engaged in wrecking houses to-night set fire to a quantity of shavings they gathered up against the dwelling of Dr. Laporte, in the east end. The conflagration, however, was soon extinguished by the fire brigade.

A COW SCARED TO DEATH BY A SNAKE.—On Tuesday at Forest's ranch, near Genoa, one of the hands noticed a cow charging furiously at a thicket. An investigation showed that the animal was fighting a big black snake and trying to stamp it to death with her forefeet. The thicket was an isolated clump of sage bush, and the snake did not seem disposed to leave it, and trust its life into the open country. Finally the cow lowered her head and attempted to impale the snake on her horns. In an instant, the snake sprang on the cow's head and rapidly coiled itself about her horns. The cow stood dazed for an instant, and then started off on a run, occasionally kneeling to rub her head against the ground, but she was unable to rid herself of her enemy. She again sought the sage bush and tried to brush the incubus off, but the snake only coiled itself the tighter and refused to be dislodged. The cow seemed finally to realize that all her efforts were useless, and, uttering a terrible bellow, set off at full gallop. The hands made an effort to follow her and turn her back, but in her frantic fright she outstripped the horses, and when cornered, would charge everything in sight. Occasionally the snake would half untwist itself, and the head would play before the cow's eyes. On these occasions the poor animal would bellow with terror, and sometimes go 50 yards backward to escape. For three hours she ran wildly about the field, with the blood and foam flying from her lips and sweat streaming from her sides. The rest of the hired help tried to throw a lasso over her horns, but could not get near enough, and finally the poor brute dropped from sheer exhaustion and panted out her life. The snake was immediately dispatched, and it was a black snake five feet long.

Read the new advertisement of the Haliburton Drug Store.

Love Unfeigned.

We've all had our lovers, some constant, some not—
Though each vowed to us everlasting affection—
Some left us in anger, some only forgot,
And some were dispatched by a simple rejection.

But these people! Ah these! love on without end,
Regardless of failings of flesh or of temper;
More constant than lover, more loving than friend,
Though all others fail, they are *fideles semper*

Ah! when was another love ever like this?
Enduring all things, and yet hoping, believing,
Depending on neither a smile nor a kiss,
Content with much giving, though little receiving.

'Tis an every day love for commonest use,
Unmindful of circumstance, care or requiting,
Smitten on one cheek, it condones the abuse
And turns us the other for kissing or smiting.

No others—not even ourselves—with such zest
Ever sounded our praises nor think us so clever;
They hold us as better than other folks' best—
God bless these dear fathers and mothers for ever!

BLUE VEINS AND BLACK;

A Story of Blood and Iron.

"You mean when you make verses?" interrupted Ulrich dryly. "And you need tea for that? Yes, I should think so."

Happily just at that moment, a rhyme passed through the head of the insulted poet, and he must hold it fast; so he scarce heard Ulrich's words. The next moment he said good humoredly—

"I have a request to make of you, Hartmann. Yes, an entreaty, a demand," he added mounting to a regular climax. "You must grant it at any price. You are in possession of an object which to you is entirely worthless, and which would make me the happiest of mortals. You must yield it to me."

"What must I yield to you? asked Ulrich, who, as usual when Wilberg spoke, had only half listened.

Herr Willberg blushed, sighed, glanced at the ground, sighed a second time, and then thought proper to explain. "You remember the day when you saved her ladyship's life. Ah, Hartmann! it is an eternal shame that you have no sensibility for the poetry of that situation. If *I* had only been in your place! But enough of that. Our lady offered you her own handkerchief to stay the blood of your wound. You kept it in your hand because help at once came from another source. My God! you cannot possibly have forgotten such an occurrence."

"Well, what about the handkerchief?" asked Ulrich, all at once roused to attention.

"I wish to possess it," murmured Wilberg, casting down his eyes with a melancholy air. "Demand from me whatever you will, but give me this dear *souvenir* of a woman I adore."

"*You!*" cried Ulrich in a tone which made his companion recoil, and gaze anxiously around to see if any one was near.

"Do not scream so, Hartmann! You have no need to be horrified because I adore the wife of our future chief. It is something entirely different from the common acceptation of *love*; that is—ah! but you certainly do not know what Platonic love means."

"*No!*" returned the young miner curtly, hastening his pace, and evidently determined to break off the conversation.

"*You* could not possibly understand that," declared Herr Wilberg with infinite self-satisfaction; "for you never could or would soar to that exalted purity of feeling of which only the highest culture is capable; of feeling, which, without any hope—ay, without even a wish—contents itself with a mute, blessed, distant adoration. Otherwise, what think you a man could do, who loved a woman belonging to another?"

"One must conquer this love," said Ulrich grimly, "or"—

"Or what?"

"Kill his rival."

Herr Wilberg with wonderful celerity retreated to the other side of the road, where he paused in horror.

"What barbarity! With murder, with the death blow, would you attest your love? You are a terrible man, Hartmann! And you say this with a tone, with a glance—Our gracious lady was quite right when she called you an untameable nature, who"—

"Did she call me that?" interrupted Hartmann excitedly.

"'A wild untamable nature!' those were her words—a highly intellectual expression, and perfectly appropriate in this case. Hartmann,"—the young officer slowly and timidly ventured nearer—"Hartmann, I might forgive you all this, all you have just said; but what I never can forgive is your detestable behavior to our lady. Have you, then, no eye for that grace and beauty which disarm even the roughest of your comrades, that you shun her glance as if it would bring you calamity? When you see her carriage in the distance, you turn away; when she drives by, you retreat into the first house that offers. You make a daily circuit around the director's house when you go to your daily work, for fear you may meet her at the park gate, and be obliged to salute her. Oh, this obstinate class hatred which spares not even women! I repeat, it you are a terrible man."

Ulrich was silent. Contrary to his habit, he let this reproach pass without a syllable in reply; thus strengthening Herr Wilberg in the happy illusion that his words at last were of some avail. Greatly encouraged, he began anew.

"And now, returning to the main subject—the handkerchief"—

"How do I know where the thing is?" interrupted Ulrich roughly. "It may be lost; or Martha may have returned it. I know nothing about it."

Wilberg was almost beside himself at such indifference to a treasure in his eyes so infinitely precious; when, on glancing up, he chanced to see Martha coming out of the overseer's house, which they had meantime approached. Like a sparrow-hawk, the young officer shot to her side, and began to question her about the handkerchief—whether it had been given back, or whether it might not possibly be somewhere around the house. At first the girl did not seem to understand him; but, as she comprehended, a shadow passed over her face.

"The handkerchief is still here," she said; "I thought one day I would return it; so I took it, and washed out the blood; but Ulrich stormed like a savage because I had meddled with the handkerchief. He has it now in his chest."

"Ah! and this was only an excuse to deny me the desired object!" cried Wilberg with a reproachful glance at Ulrich, who had listened with bitter vexation, and now scornfully said—

"You may as well be content, Herr Wilberg. The handkerchief you cannot have."

"And why not, may I ask?"

"Because I shall keep it," replied Ulrich dryly.

"But, Hartmann"—

"When I once say 'No,' I keep my word. You know that, Herr Wilberg."

Wilberg raised eyes and hands to Heaven, as if he would call upon the celestial powers to witness these repeated insults; but all at once his arms sank powerless, and he gave a sudden start, as a voice behind Martha said—

"Can you tell me, dear child—Ah, Herr Wilberg, do I intrude?"

Herr Wilberg stood speechless, as much from despair as from ecstasy at this unexpected meeting; for he was quite overcome by the annihilating consciousness that, in blue paletot and a green shawl, with a nose reddened by the sharp winds, he must now appear before this high born lady, who had hitherto seen him only in the most elegant society dress. He knew how very unbecoming to him was this array of colors; and, only an hour ago, he made a solemn vow to exchange the green shawl for one more suitable; but now untoward destiny had brought him before the very eyes of his ideal. Herr Wilberg wished himself in the lowest shaft of the mines; but still, in his embarrassment, he had sense enough to be vexed with Ulrich, who, in clothes all covered with the dust of his work, stood right before the lady motionless as a statue.

Eugenie had been walking along the road leading past the overseer's house; and had, unremarked, entered the garden, where she saw only Martha. She had received no answer to her half finished question; for both men were silent until Martha said—

"We were speaking of the handkerchief you gave us for a bandage, and which has not yet been returned."

"Ah, yes! my handkerchief," replied Eugenie indifferently. "I had entirely forgotten it; but if you have been so careful about keeping it, child, you can hand it back to me."

"It is Ulrich who has it, not I," said Martha, her searching glance resting upon Ulrich; and Eugenie now gazed somewhat surprised upon the young man, who had not even greeted her.

"Ah! you, Hartmann? Will you then return it to me?"

Herr Wilberg had new occasion to be vexed at Ulrich's "detestable behavior;" for he stood there immovable, his brow contracted, his lips compressed, with an expression of that dogged obstinacy with which he had armed himself upon his entrance into the lady's *salon*. It was evident that he must really fight down his hatred against the young wife of his chief; but this time his better nature conquered.

Herr Wilberg remarked how the first tones of his voice trembled with shame at his behavior, how the glowing red mounted to his forehead, how the hostility and obstinacy of his manner vanished. The lecture he had just given must be having its effect; how else could this iron headed Hartmann, over whom persuasion and coercion were alike without avail, have yielded a dumb obedience to that one request, as now, when he went into the house, and after the lapse of a few minutes came back with the handkerchief in his hand.

"Here, your ladyship."

Eugenie indifferently took the handkerchief, upon which she did not seem to set the slightest value.

"And now, Herr Wilberg, as you are here, you can give me some information. I came this way for the first time; and find the bridge leading to the park closed by a gate. Can it not be opened? and must I take the circuitous route through the entire works?"

She pointed to the bridge only a few steps distant, which led to the park on this side, and which was protected by an iron gate. Herr Wilberg was in despair. The bridge was closed. They wished to make it impassable to the workmen who had their dwellings on this side; but the gardener had the key. Wilberg would run, yes, fly, to fetch it, if her ladyship could wait so long.

"Oh, no, indeed!" replied Eugenie a little impatiently. "Then you would have twice to go the whole distance I seek to shun; and the waiting would be rather too long. I prefer to go around."

Wilberg would not consent to this. He begged and entreated the lady to grant him the pleasure of this knightly service; but in the midst of his well arranged speech a loud crash was heard.

Ulrich had approached the gate, and grasped it with both hands. He shook the iron bars with such violence that the fastenings groaned. But as they did not yield at once, an angry flush passed over the miner's face; an energetic kick broke bolt and lock; the gate flew open.

"For God's sake, Hartmann, what are you doing?" cried Wilberg in affright. "What will Herr Berkow say!"

Ulrich gave him no answer. He opened wide the gate, and, turning around, coolly said—

"The way is open, your ladyship."

Eugenie did not look so thunderstruck as the young officer. She laughed as she entered the way so violently opened. "I thank you, Hartmann," she said; "and as for the spoiled lock, Herr Wilberg, give yourself no uneasiness. I will be answerable for that. But, as the gate is open, will you not also take the short way leading through the park?"

What a condescension! Herr Wilberg did not hasten; he rushed, he flew, to the lady's side, and began to rack his brains for some topic of conversation, interesting and intellectual as possible. But he was forced to content himself with something very prosaic; for Eugenie turned back her head with that same earnest, thoughtful glance which had once before vainly sought to penetrate the contradictory, enigmatical ways of this man.

"This Hartmann has a real Berserker strength and a Berserker violence. Without hesitation he shivered lock and bolt, only"—

"Only to open a more convenient path for me," added Eugenie in a slightly ironical tone, as she glanced at her companion. "You would not have been guilty of so stormy a piece of politeness, Herr Wilberg?"

Herr Wilberg protested warmly against such a supposition. Her ladyship surely could not believe that he would so violently assail the property of another, and in her very presence! But her ladyship heard this assurance with an absent air; and, during the whole walk, Herr Wilberg, with all his efforts, could not once fetter her attention.

Hartmann had again closed the gate, and was slowly turning back to the house? but before the door he paused, and gazed steadily at the park in whose alleys the two figures had vanished.

"I thought when you once said 'No,' Ulrich, no it remained."

The young man turned hastily around; and his sullen glance fell upon Martha, who stood at his side.

"What is that to you?" he asked roughly.

"To me? nothing. Do not look so cross, Ulrich. You are angry with me because I reminded our lady of her handkerchief; it belonged to her. And what would you do with that delicate white thing? You could not even touch it when you came home from work; and you had really gazed at it enough."

There lay a light, but still unconcealed tone of irony in the girl's voice; and Ulrich must have felt this; for he said hastily—

"Leave me alone with your jeers and your spying. I tell you, Martha"—

"Well, well! what is the matter outside there? Are you quarrelling?" interrupted the overseer, who now stood in the doorway.

Ulrich turned sullenly away. *He* seemed to have no desire to continue the quarrel while Martha, without answering her uncle, hurried past him into the house.

"What is the matter with the girl?" asked the overseer, "and what is it between you both? Have you again been talking roughly to her?"

Ulrich, with a scornful gesture, threw himself on a bench.

"I am not going to be dictated to as to what I shall do, and least of all by Martha."

"She surely would do nothing to grieve *you*," said the father calmly.

"And why not *me*?"

The overseer looked steadily at his son, and said, "Have you no eyes in your head, or will you not see it? But you really have never troubled yourself about this girl; and it is no wonder you do not at all understand her."

"What am I to understand, then?" asked the young man, all at once growing attentive.

The father took the pipe out of his mouth, and blew forth a cloud of smoke. "That Martha loves you," he replied.

"Martha! Me!"

"I really believe he did not know it before!" said the overseer in unfeigned astonishment. "And his old father must first tell it to him! But that comes from having one's nose forever stuck in things that bewilder the brain. God knows, Ulrich, that it is time you had done with all this stuff and nonsense, and took a sensible wife, who would bring you to better thoughts."

Ulrich glanced over the park, and his eyes again took on their former sullen, gloomy expression. "You are right, father," he said slowly; "it *is* time!"

The old man almost let fall his pipe from astonishment. "Boy, this is the first reasonable word I have heard from you. Are you really coming to your senses? Yes, indeed it is time? You could long ago have supported a wife; and, far and near, you will find no prettier, better, or more sensible girl than Martha. I need not tell you how glad I should be to have you marry. Now think the matter over."

The young man had sprung from his seat, and was now hastily walking up and down. "Perhaps it would be best. There must be an end to all this—that I have again seen to-day—and the sooner the better."

"What is it: With what must an end be made?"

"Nothing, father, nothing! But you are quite right; if I only had a wife, I should know where I and my thoughts belonged. Do you really believe that Martha likes me?"

"Go and ask her yourself," cried the overseer, laughing. "Do you think the girl would still be in our house if she cared to marry another? She certainly has wooers a plenty. I know enough who want her; and Lorenzo, for a year and a day, has wooed in vain. He has won no *Yes*; but you, if you will, can receive one this very day."

Ulrich listened intently; but, in spite of this flattering assertion, his face showed little happiness or content. He looked as if he was forcing down a rebellious something that would not let him come to a decision; and there was a wildness and convulsiveness in the sudden resolution with which he now said—

"Very well, if you think I shall not receive a refusal, I will speak with Martha."

"Must it be right away?" asked the overseer, perplexed. "Ulrich, people do not woo in that headlong manner, especially if a quarter of an hour before he had no idea of it. First reflect upon the matter."

Ulrich made an impatient gesture. "Why this long delay? I must know where I stand. Let me go in, father!"

The father shook his head; but he had too much fear lest his son might waver in this sudden resolution to place any serious obstacle in his way. In his joy of heart, it troubled him little that this union for which he had so ardently longed was to be brought about in a somewhat unusual way; so he concluded to remain outside and let the young people arrange matters undisturbed; for he knew Ulrich well enough to be aware that any untimely interference on his part might spoil all.

The young man, meantime, as if he would not allow himself a moment for reflection, strode quickly through the hall, and opened the door of the sitting room, where Martha was. Martha sat at a table, the hands usually so busy idly folded on her lap. She did not glance up as he entered, and seemed not to notice that he stood close to her chair; but he saw that she had been weeping.

"Does it still grieve you, Martha, my just speaking so unkindly? I am sorry; why do you look at me in that way?"

"Because it is the first time you have been grieved or sorry on my account. You have never before asked whether I was glad or sorrowful. Let it be so to-day."

The tone sounded cold and repellent enough, but Ulrich did not allow himself to be frightened away. His father's revelation must have had a powerful effect upon his stormy nature; for his voice was unusually mild, as he answered—

"I know that I am a great deal worse than others, but I cannot change at once. You must take me just as I am, and perhaps you will make something better out of me."

The girl had, at his first tone glanced up surprised. Something unusual must have been in his face, for she made a hasty movement to rise. Ulrich held her fast.

"Remain here, Martha! I have to speak with you. I want to ask you—well, I cannot make many words, and between us that is unnecessary. We are brother and sister's children; we have for years lived together in the same house. You best know what you have to expect from me; and you know that I have always liked you in spite of all our quarrels. Will you be my wife Martha?"

The wooing came so hastily, so rashly, so stormily, and was so like the nature of the wooer! He drew a deep breath, as if with the decisive words a burden had rolled from his heart. Martha still sat so unmovable before him, a deep pallor on her usually blooming face; but she did not waver or delay an instant before giving her answer, a low, half-stifled '*No*.'

Ulrich could not believe his senses. "Will you not?" he asked.

"No, Ulrich, I will not!" repeated Martha in a hollow but decided voice.

The young man sprang angrily to his feet. "Well, then, I might have saved myself this long speech," he said. "My father erred, and I also; do not be offended, Martha."

Bitterly wounded in his manly pride, he was about to leave the room, when a glance from Martha forced him to remain. She had risen, and with both hands grasped the arm of the chair, as if she must have this support. No word of reply or of explanation passed her lips; but those lips trembled so violently, and in her pale face was such unutterable woe, that Ulrich felt his father must be right in spite of all.

"I believed you love me, Martha," he said in a slightly reproachful tone.

With a passionate gesture she turned from him, and buried her face in her hands; but he heard a sound, which was as of sobs, with difficulty repressed.

"I might have reflected that I am too wild, too rough for you. You are afraid of me; you think that after marriage it might be even worse. In Lorenz you certainly will find a better man, who will do in all things as you wish."

The girl shook her head, and slowly turned her face to his. "I do not fear you," she said, "even if you are rough and violent; I knew you cannot be otherwise, I would have taken you just as you are, perhaps gladly; but I will not accept you as you now are, as you have been since the day her ladyship came."

Ulrich trembled. A flaming red shot up into his face. He knew he ought to fly into a passion, to angrily command her silence; but not a syllable broke from his lips.

"Uncle thinks that you care for no one, that you have other thoughts in your head," continued Martha, still more excitedly. "Ah, yes! *quite* other thoughts! You have never cared for me; and now you come all at once, and ask me to be your wife! You need some one who will drive away those thoughts; do you not, Ulrich? And for this, the first one at hand will do; for this I am good enough. But I am not deceived. If I loved you more than all the world, and if it would cost me my life to let you go—rather Lorenz, rather any other *now*, than you!"

It was an outbreak of fearful passion in this usually quiet girl. In this storm which had broken loose within her, Ulrich might have learned how strong a hold he had upon her heart; perhaps he did learn this; but it did not return the cloud from his forehead nor that flaming glow from his face, which grew deeper at every word. He had no reply to make; and, as she now broke into a loud weeping, he stood by her dumb, without one consoling word. Some minutes passed till Martha sat with arms folded over the table, and her head resting on them. No sound was heard, save her low, convulsive sobs, and the ticking of the clock on the wall. At last Ulrich bent down to her. His voice was no longer rough and passionate, but yet it was not mild. There lay in it only a hollow tone of sympathy.

"Never mind, Martha! I thought things would be better if you helped me; perhaps they only would have been worse, and you are quite right to venture nothing for my sake. Let all remain as it is with us both."

He went without further adieu; but at the threshold, he paused, and looked back at Martha. She did not raise her head, and he passed quietly out.

"Well?" asked the overseer eagerly, coming to meet his son. "*Well?*" he repeated more slowly, for Ulrich's face did not look like that of a successful wooer.

"It was of no use, father," said Ulrich gloomily. "Martha would not have me."

"Would not have you? Not you?" cried the old man in a tone as if the most incredible thing in the world had just been told him.

"No! And now don't torment us with questions and speeches about it. She very well knows why she has refused me, and so do I; a third person need know nothing about it. And now let me go, father. I must go!"

Hastily, as if he would shun all explanation, the young man walked away. The overseer seized his pipe with both hands, and in his vexation was almost tempted to dash it on the floor.

"It's precious little one understands about these young women," he growled. "I thought the girl loved him, and now she sends him off with a *No*. And he—I really did not think the lad would lay it so to heart. He looked quite confounded, and was off like a madman. For my life I cannot account for as much as I know of him, and just as little of Martha."

The overseer began hastily to pace up and down the garden, until his anger gave place to a more resigned mood. What could he do about it? The two could not be forced to marry; and, if they would not, it was of no use to rack one's brains over the question why they would not. With a deep sigh the old man bade farewell to the darling plan of his life.

While he yet stood in troubled thought by the garden gate, he saw young Herr Berkow coming along the road which led past his little house to the rear of the park. Arthur seemed better acquainted with the way than his [illegible] had been. He took a key from his pocket, which fitted the lock Ulrich had forced open. The overseer bowed low and respectfully, as the young heir passed; but he, with his usual indifference, scarce threw back a side glance, and with a haughty, careless nod was passing on. The old man's features quivered; he stood with cap in hand, and gazed after the future chief with a silent, mournful glance which seemed to say, "And even you have become so!"

Whether Arthur remarked this glance, or whether it occurred to him now for the first time that the old friend and companion of his childhood years stood before him, he paused suddenly.

"Ah, is it you, Hartmann? How do you do?"

In his lazy, indifferent way, he put forth his hand, and seemed somewhat surprised that it was not grasped at once; but the overseer had not for years indulged in such familiarity; he hesitated; and, as he at last took the offered hand, it was timidly and carefully, as if he feared that delicate white hand might suffer harm in his own hard fist.

"I thank you, I am well, Herr Arthur—I beg your pardon, I should have said Herr Berkow."

"Call me by my old name," said the young man kindly. "You are more accustomed to it, and I like it better than the other. Are you content, Hartmann?"

"Yes, thank God! Herr Arthur, I have what I need. There must be a bit of care and anxiety in every house, and I am having some just now with my children; but that is neither here nor there."

The overseer, with surprise, saw that the young gentleman drew nearer, and rested both arms upon the wooden gate, as if he intended a long conversation.

"With your children? I thought you had but one—a son."

"You are quite right—my Ulrich; but I have a sister's child also in the house—Martha Ewert."

"And does she cause you anxiety?"

"God forbid!" cried the overseer hastily. "The girl is noble and good; and I had thought she and Ulrich would marry, and"—

"And Ulrich will not?" interrupted Arthur with a quick, upward glance from his heavy eyes.

The old man shrugged his shoulders. "I do not know whether he really would not, or began his wooing in the wrong way. Enough, all is over between them; and this was my last hope, that he would marry a sensible woman, who would set his head right."

It was strange that the old miner's simple and uninteresting family recitals did not seem to weary the young gentleman; he did not once yawn as usual; and his face showed a sort of interest as he asked, "Is his head not right now?"

The old man gave the questioner a timid side-glance; then his eyes fell to the ground.

"Herr Arthur," he said, "I am not the first to tell you of this. You must already have heard about Ulrich."

"Yes, I remember; my father spoke to me of him. Your son is not on good terms with the officers."

The father sighed. "I cannot change matters," he said. "Ulrich obeys me no longer; in fact he never has obeyed me. He must always have his own way, let who will oppose. I have allowed this lad to learn a great deal more than other lads of his station, perhaps more than was good for him. I thought he would rise the more rapidly; and he is now master miner and might be an overseer; but all this trouble comes from his learning. He bothers his head about all sorts of histories, wants to know everything, sits the whole night at his books, and is all in all with his comrades. How he got to be first everywhere, I do not know; but when he was a little fellow he had the other lads all under his control, and it is now worse than ever. What he says they believe blindly; where he stands, they all stand together. If he should lead them into a living hell, they would follow. But this is not as it should be, especially on the works."

"And why not?" asked Arthur, while, as if in deep thought, he drew figures with the key upon the wooden gate.

(To be continued).

By the Skin of Her Teeth.

A young man with a gun, at Sonora, St. Mary's, was trying his marksmanship by firing at a crow. Miss Ella Hewitt, passing on the highway at the time, felt a sudden crashing in her mouth. The bullet had flown wide of its mark and passed between Miss Hewitt's slightly parted lips, cutting both slightly and erasing the enamel of her two upper front teeth. Miss Hewitt thus literally escaped "by the skin of her teeth;" and, saving fright and swollen lips, is none the worse for her narrow escape, a narrower than which can hardly be imagined.—*Pictou (N. S.) News.*

While Jumbo, Barnum's big elephant, was lying in a ditch at St. Thomas the other day, some persons stole a portion of his ear, and Barnum offers a reward of $400 for the recovery of the thief.

THE EARLDOM OF MAR.

"Are There Two Earls?"—Fulfilment of a Remarkable Ancient Prophecy.

A correspondent of the London *Times* writes: "To this oft-repeated question an Act of Parliament, which has very recently decreed that the true and ancient earldom, created as far as it is known in the 11th century, is still in existence, gives an affirmative answer. This remarkable fact completes the fulfilment of a comprehensive prophecy which was pronounced 820 years ago, and as it alludes to no less than eight events connected with the Earldom of Mar, it will be perhaps interesting to record the various prophecies contained therein, and at the same time to state the cause of their being pronounced. It was in consequence of an Earl of Mar having taken the stones of Cambuskenneth Abbey to build a castle in the town of Stirling, which was very distasteful to the inhabitants, that this prophecy appeared to the following effect, viz., that 'Mar's work,' as it was called, would never be completed. It still stands unfinished. That 'horses should be stabled in thy hall, that a weaver should throw his shuttle in thy chamber of state.' In the beginning of this century, upon an alarm of the French invasion, a troop of 30 horses was stabled in the ruined hall of Alloa (the family place), and a weaver, unable to pay his rent, set up his loom in the state chamber. That 'the dwelling in which a king was nursed shall be burnt, that thy children shall be born blind, yet shall thine ancient tower stand, for the brave and true cannot be wholly forsaken.' In 1801 Alloa Tower, which had been the abode of James VI., as an infant, was burnt, and several of the family of Mar have been born blind, but possessing beautiful eyes, notably the present Lord Mar's great aunt, Lady Jane Erskine, and Henry David Erskine, who died in 1848. That 'an ash sapling shall spring from the topmost stone of the ancient tower,' which was seen there between 1815 and 1820, and 'then shall thy sorrows be ended, that the sunshine of royalty shall beam on thee once more, thine honors shall be doubled, the kiss of peace shall be given to thy countess, the days of peace shall return to thee and thine, the line shall be broken, but not until its honors are doubled and its doom is ended.' The course of events has completely fulfilled the prophecy, for the sunshine of royalty has for the third time beamed on the ancient earldom—first when Mary Queen of Scots, in consequence of the usurpation of it by the Crown, restored it to its rightful possessor in 1565; secondly, when George IV. restored it from its attainder in 1824; and, thirdly, when Queen Victoria restored the rights and privileges of the present Earl of Mar in 1885, in consequence of a new and hitherto unrecorded title of Mar—assumed to have been created by Mary Queen of Scots in 1565, and adjudged by the House of Lords in 1875 in favor of the Earl of Kellie, but leaving untouched the ancient earldom—having had the effect of unjustly depriving the inheritor of the ancient dignity of his rights and privileges as a Scotch Peer. It was also in consequence of no less than 104 Peers having respectfully petitioned the Queen in favor of the rights of the inheritor of the ancient earldom that an Act of Parliament, introduced by Her Majesty's command, has been recently passed, after a searching inquiry into the pedigree and descent of the present Earl, from Gratney, Earl of Mar, and his wife, the sister of King Robert the Bruce, to the present time—an inquiry by which it was established that this time-honored earldom was still in existence and had never been extinct. This act of gracious intervention of the Queen has thus become the means of completing the fulfilment of the various warnings given in this remarkable prophecy and "doubling the honors of Mar."

The Approach of Age.

The approach of age shows itself about the eyes. Lines come, faintly at first, then deeper, until the incipient crows' feet are indicated, developed and revealed. The woman who, looking in her glass, sees these fatal lines diverging from the outer corner of her eyes, knows that she has reached an era in her life. She recognizes it with a sigh if she be a vain, a lovely, or a worldly woman; with a smile, perhaps, if she has children in whom she can live her own youth over again. But it can never be a gay smile; none of us, men or women, like to feel youth—that precious possession—slipping away from us. But we should never be on the look out for crows' feet or gray hairs. Looking for them is sure to bring them, for thinking about them brings them. Tears form a part of the language of the eye, which is eloquent enough when sparingly used, and which should be sparingly used for other reasons than that of adding to their mute eloquence. Tears are a disfiguring expression of emotion, and those who get in the habit of weeping over every small vexation do much to acquire a careworn, miserable expression, and are sure to look old before their time. Excessive weeping has been known not only to injure, but actually to destroy the sight. Few women look pretty, or even interesting, in tears, though it has long been a pleasant fiction in poetry and romance to suppose that they do. Many women, some men, most children, make most disfiguring and distorting grimaces while crying, and the lady who thinks she can work upon a man's feelings by a liberal display of tears, should carefully study a becoming mode of producing them before her looking-glass. Grimaces soften no heart, and tears accompanied by the usual distortions, have a hardening effect, if not a visible one. In a prettily-written work, now probably out of print, purporting to be the story of the life of one of Milton's wives, the author makes the poet say of his wife's eyes, after crying, that they resemble "the sun's clear shining after the rain," a very pretty natural object, indeed, but during the rain itself the observer is not inclined to be complimentary.—*Whitehall Review.*

Ominous Prophecies Concerning 1886.

Somebody has unearthed an old prophecy for the year 1886 of a decidedly uncomfortable nature. It appears that in the Church of Oberemmel, near the city of Treveri, in Germany, there is a stone tablet some centuries old, on which is cut the prophetic verse—in prose it may be rendered:

"When Mark shall bring us Easter and Anthony shall sing praises at Pentecost, and John swing a censer at the feast of Corpus Domini, then shall the whole earth resound with weeping and wailings."

Now, it so happens that next year Easter falls on St. Mark's Day, Pentecost on that of St. Anthony of Padua, and the Corpus Domini comes on St. John the Baptist's Day, June 24th. Here, then, are the first conditions of the prophecy fulfilled, so that now believers in prophecies and anxious-minded persons generally have only to sit down and think of everything disagreeable that can possibly happen to this poor old planet and the dwellers thereon between January and December, 1886. And, really, if the cyclones and earthquakes and epidemics and "wars and rumors of wars" of the years 1882-3-4-5 are to be eclipsed, the prospect is not an agreeable one.

The Life of Man.

In a paper read before the French Academy of Sciences it was stated that a man 50 years of age sleeps away an aggregate of 6,000 days, works away the same period, eats away 2,000 days, walks away 800 days and is ill 500 days.

The English *Statistical Society's Journal* shows the mean duration of life in England has increased during the last fifty years. In males it has risen from 39.9 to 41.9, and in females from 41.9 to 45.3.

LOTS OF BOTHER FOR WOMEN.

They Go West to Teach and Cook, and Are Worried Into Matrimony.

A Red Bend (Washington Territory) letter says: When the census of this town was taken last month it was found that there was a population of 378, including 298 males, 60 married women, one widow engaged, two maids engaged, and the rest children. More than 200 of the men are bachelors ranging in age from 25 to 50. Red Bend is some distance from a railroad, and it has been a very difficult matter to get young women to locate here. Most of the girls who come into this region stop at Yakima, or go thence to the larger towns south of here. When the school-house was built the directors advertised in various Territorial papers for a teacher, and the first one who presented herself was employed. She had not been at the desk more than a fortnight before she was married to a storekeeper named Elverson, who was about the best looking young man in the town. She resigned her place, but consented to serve until her successor arrived. One of the young women with whom the committee had been in correspondence was found disengaged, and in the course of a month she transferred herself to Red Bend and took charge of the school. She was a tolerably homely woman somewhat advanced in years, but she, too, was led to the altar in less than a month, and gave up the school as her predecessor had done. Once again the place was filled, and things went along smoothly for a while. About that time McGinn, the tavern-keeper, imported a servant girl from Portland, and put her at work in his kitchen at a salary of $4 a week. Mrs. McGinn was not very lusty, and her husband found that the only way in which keeping hotel was possible was for him to have efficient female help. He had had serious trouble in getting anybody to come, but the wages that he offered finally induced the girl spoken of to accept the job. She had no more than learned the ways of the kitchen before two or three young men began to hang around the back door of the tavern. McGinn was equal to the emergency. He watched matters for a day or two, and becoming convinced that the school-house episodes were to have a repetition in his kitchen, he got a gun, and just as a young man appeared at the back door the next evening after supper he jumped out on him.

"What do you want here?" he asked.

"Nothing," said the fellow, coloring up a little; "nothing much. I was just calling on the girl in there. She's an old friend of my family, and I look in once and a while to see how she's getting on."

"Well, I'm a friend of the family, too," said McGinn, "to the extent that I don't want to kill you, but if you don't keep away from here I'll murder you. Now, you git."

The youth slunk away. The next day the girl was missing from the kitchen, and late in the afternoon it was discovered that she had married the young man. The same day the school mistress announced her resignation, and as McGinn was on the warpath with his gun the leading citizens made up their minds that a crisis had arrived which would require a good deal of statesmanship to bridge over.

That evening, when the School Committee met to consider things, Mr. Elder, the Chairman, said he had an idea which he thought might be worthy the attention of his associates. He proposed that in the future all school teachers should be made to sign a bond not to marry before the end of the term. The idea was accepted, but, fearing that the conditions might make it impossible for them to get women into the town, they said nothing about them to the one with whom they opened negotiations. She came on and after deciding to take the place was informed of the contract which she would have to sign. To this she indignantly declined to accede. The School Committee was inexorable, and so was she. She said she would leave for home in the morning. The committeemen looked at one another to see if anybody was weakening, but no one appeared to be willing to give in; so it was decided that she would have to go. This particular girl was young and very vivacious, and when she started off with School Director Beebe for Yakima the whole town wished she would stay. An hour later Beebe drove into town with the girl still in his waggon, and to the people who gathered around the vehicle with questions he said:

"The fact is we've decided to get married. She didn't want to go back, and I didn't want her to go."

Everybody felt that Beebe had played roots on everybody else, but there was nothing to say.

At the next meeting of the committee, which Beebe did not attend, Mr. Elder again had an idea which he wanted to submit. He said that in view of what had happened, it occurred to him that Red Bend had greatness within its grasp. "Now," he continued, "let us overstock this market with schoolma'ams and servant girls. Advertise for them everywhere, offer big wages and hire all that come. We'll get enough after a while to go around, and when we do it we may have a few on hand."

The suggestion was discussed at considerable length and finally adopted. The School Board decided to hire ten teachers and twenty of the married men in town agreed to take twenty-five servant girls. The advertisements brought many answers, and in the course of time the town began to fill up with young women of every description. As they arrived they were assigned to different families, and before a week had passed there were more marriages on foot than the preacher could keep track of. The experiment has been found to work splendidly, and as the only schoolma'am in town now is said to be on the point of marrying, it is thought that the same device will be resorted to again. Six girls have married out of McGinn's kitchen, and during the last twelve months there have been fourteen teachers at the little school. The present incumbent is a graduate from Michigan, and the committee think she will last some time.

The Time for Geraniums.

This is the time for making geranium cuttings for winter flowering. Young shoots are the best for propagation. Cut the pieces just below the leaf; put them in boxes or flower-pots, placing a bit of potsherd just under each slip. Set the pots and boxes in a shady place and keep the earth moist. Large slips will root just as well as small ones. Care must be taken, however, when large slips are cut, to choose well formed pieces, else the plant will be awkward looking. Any good earth is suitable for the slips, but be sure to have a little charcoal or bits of potsherd in the bottom of the pots or boxes for drainage. Cut the slips in the morning before the sun has touched them, or in the cool of the evening.

An Important Arrest.

The arrest of a suspicious character upon his general appearance, movements or companionship, without waiting until he has robbed a traveller, fired a house, or murdered a fellow-man, is an important function of a shrewd detective. Even more important is the arrest of a disease which, if not checked, will blight and destroy a human life. The frequent cough, loss of appetite, general languor or debility, pallid skin, and bodily aches and pains, announce the approach of pulmonary consumption, which is promptly arrested and permanently cured by Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Sold by druggists.

The Mormons of Salt Lake have adopted a system of boycotting toward gentiles in every occupation, even refusing to employ laborers who are not of the faith.

CURRENT TOPICS.

MR. L. M. HALL, Superintendent of the Women's Reformatory Prison at Sherborn, Mass., publishes that out of an examination of 204 inebriate women he has found that 128 began their drinking by the use of beer, 37 by drinking whiskey (as punch at first usually), 30 began with wine, 8 with gin and 11 could not remember what beverage was first used.

MEDICAL science does not confer all its benefits on man, especially the surgical branch. A celebrated Yorkshire, England, veterinarian recently performed a novel feat in surgery. A valuable cow broke its leg and as it was impossible to reset the member it was amputated and a wooden substitute was attached to the stump. In a short time the cow was grazing contentedly, unconscious of her loss.

AFTER October 1st a special 10 cent stamp will be issued from every post-office in the United States. This stamp, in addition to the regular postage, when placed upon a letter addressed to any American town of 4,000 or over, will insure its instant delivery by special messenger to the person to whom addressed. Lists of special delivery offices will be hung in the post-office corridors.

IT has just come to light that the Cocos-Keelings, in the great Eastern Archipelago, are governed by a Scotchman. He is not known as king, but his powers over the people of those "summer isles" is supreme. Steam engines and forges have been introduced there, but money, in our meaning of money, is unknown, sheepskins passing current instead of coin.

IT is said that a young woman, a book canvasser, is working the coal mines of eastern Pennsylvania in the way of her profession. Ten hours a day, according to report, she is a thousand feet or so underground urging the miners to buy books; and although miners, as a rule, are not given to reading, many of them never having made even the acquaintance of the alphabet, and although the title of the book, "Our Happy Lot," might be suspected of affording depressing suggestions to miners, still, it is said, they buy it, because the pluck of the young canvasser awakens their admiration.

A WESTERN lumber buyer thinks that if the original black-walnut forest of Indiana and Ohio were standing to-day they would be far more valuable than the farms to make which they were cleared away. Miles and miles of fence in those States, he says, were laid with black walnut rails. A farmer who began making his farm thirty years ago "spent eight years in clearing it of walnut timber, eighty acres of which he burned up. After thirty years of cultivation the farm is worth $6,000. If it had its walnut timber back it would be worth more than $100,000. This farmer is only one among thousands who for years girdled out, and burned the great forest they found occupying the land."

ONE of the most striking passages in Canon Farrar's lecture on "Dante" is as follows: "Into Dante's theology we will not enter. Of a material hell and a material purgatory, if there is one, he knew just as much, which is just as little as you and I, but there is a moral hell and a moral heaven. Is there no man who has been as Dante was, in hell? Happy if like him he has struggled through to the paradise of God. Dante had such transcendant ideas of good and evil that he regarded them as the polar extremities of the universe. He wrote avowedly for a high and noble purpose. He knew nothing of the for art's sake and had no love for its nudities which are naked and not ashamed."

THE present election in Great Britain is remarkable in several respects. One is the large number of journalists who are contesting seats. There is scarcely a London daily journal which has not one or more of its staff or editorial writers seeking political honors—not emoluments, for an English member of Parliament receives no salary nor any allowance for mileage. An unusually large number of provincial editors are also before the constituencies as candidates. By far the majority of the pressmen are out as Radicals. If the rural voters stand well by the political party which has for years stood by them the press will more than outnumber the bar in the new Parliament, which, in any event, is certain to be more Radical than any previous Parliament.

THE profit and loss account of the Duke of Devonshire's famous herd of Shorthorns at Holker Hall is interesting. Since 1851 there have been six auction sales of draughts from the herd, which have realized £57,292. The highest average (£364) was in 1878, and the lowest (£25) was in 1851. The average in 1883 was £182 for forty-four head. There have also been private sales to the value of £35,641, so that the gross returns have amounted to £92,933. The Duke has paid £21,449 for bulls and for cattle purchased for the herd, so that there remains a balance to the good of £71,488, but of which has to be paid the keep of stock and the expenses of management; but even after allowing for these items, there must still remain a handsome profit.

ONE of the roundest oaths human ingenuity has recently devised is that which the New Hampshire Legislature, which recently adjourned, prescribed to be used for the promotion of the purity of elections. Under the new law any voter, at any town meeting, may challenge any other voter offering to vote at such meeting, and the Moderator shall not receive the vote until he shall make and subscribe to an affidavit as follows: I, ——, solemnly swear that I have not, directly or indirectly, hired, procured, induced, or in any way influenced, or offered to hire, procure, induce, or in any way influence, by payment, promises, offers of emolument, offers of reward of any kind, loans of money or other things, threats or intimidation, any voter to stay away from this town meeting, or to avoid voting at this town meeting for or against any particular ticket or candidate for office, or to ask, in order to disqualify himself from voting at this town meeting, abatement of his taxes, or to be excused from paying his taxes; nor have I, directly or indirectly, contributed or furnished, or promised to contribute or furnish, any money, goods or chattels, or any other thing whatsoever, to be used to induce any voter to stay away from this town meeting or to avoid voting at this town meeting, or to vote at this town meeting for or against any particular ticket or candidate for office, or to ask in order to disqualify himself from voting at this town meeting the abatement of his taxes or to be excused from paying taxes; nor have I, either directly or indirectly, been hired or procured, or in any way influenced, by payment, promises, offers of emolument, offers of reward of any kind, loans of money or other things, threats or intimidation, to vote at this town meeting for or against any particular ticket or candidate for office; but the vote I now offer to cast, and the votes I propose to offer to cast, at this town meeting, are in accordance with my solemn convictions of duty to my country, uninfluenced by any payment, promises, offers of emolument, offers of reward of any kind, loans of money or other things, threats or intimidations whatsoever. So help me God.

—The Guelph *Mercury* regrets to announce that Dr. Hare, of the Agricultural College, is seriously ill.

LOST HIS ALL.

One of the Participants in a Great Poker Game Takes the Debtors' Oath.

A Providence telegram says: Dr. Montreville M. Hedges, formerly of Newburgh, N. Y., who sat in the great poker game in Newburgh in June, 1881, with William M. Scott and Francis P. Weed, by which Weed lost $150,000 to Scott, was yesterday allowed to take the poor debtors' oath here. The detaining debtor was Joseph Silsby, of Boston, who refused at the hearing to produce his claim. Hedges left for Philadelphia, but will return shortly, and says he will bring suit against Silsby for false imprisonment. Dr. Hedges had an elegant place at Newburgh in 1881, and practiced dental surgery. He was a lover of fine horseflesh, and had many racers which were at that time entered in western circuits. Francis P. Weed was a neighbor who had been left $500,000 by his father, and one night in June, 1881, as the story was told by Weed in court, Hedges, Scott and Weed played a friendly game of poker in the doctor's laboratory. After playing several games with light betting, Weed left the room momentarily, and when he returned he says it was proposed to have a stancher game. Weed had three aces in his hand and drew to them, getting the fourth ace. Hedges stood "pat" and Scott drew one card, and then they began betting in sums of $50 to $1,000. When the pot was $60,000 Weed says he declared the game was foolish, because no one would pay so much.

The betting continued until the amount put up was $150,000, when Weed called his opponents and Weed and Hedges lost to Scott's straight flush. Weed says he offered to compromise by paying $20,000 cash, but finally signed a note for $100,000 and promised to pay $20,000 in cash and did pay $12,500 a little later. His note got into the hands of the cashier of the Stissing National Bank at Pine Plains, and Mr. Weed was forced to pay $50,000 cash and give his note for the balance, and afterwards paid $35,000 in money and gave a new note for $15 000

On consultation with lawyers he refused to pay the $15,000 and on June 13th, 1882, he swore out a warrant before Justice Barnard, of the Supreme Court, against Hedges and Scott, alleging that they "put up" the poker hands that night while he was out of the room. Hedges and Scott were held to the Grand Jury and indicted at Poughkeepsie. Their bail was $2,000 on a criminal suit and $150,000 on the civil suit. Scott afterwards went west suffering with consumption and Hedges moved away. He has been interested in horse races since, but his name has not otherwise come before the public very prominently.

A SAGACIOUS YOUNG LADY.

One Dollar from Her Father for Every Cent She Earns.

A Chicago despatch says: Miss Nellie Dean, the young and accomplished daughter of Thaddeus Dean, of No. 547 West Monroe street, yesterday commenced work at the Rockford spinning mills in Rockford, Ill., at 60 cents a day. She did it in a spirit of independence, and it is likely to make her noted, besides putting a large sum of money in her purse. Her father is a wealthy lumber dealer. A short time ago his daughter Nellie proposed visiting some friends at Rockford, who are also very wealthy. Before she started, the spinning factory at Rockford was made the subject of conversation.

"I believe I will secure work there and earn my own living," the young lady remarked playfully.

"You are too much afraid of work," answered her father.

"You are afraid to offer me a dollar for every cent I earn in a spinning mill," said the girl, spiritedly.

Mr. Dean made the offer and it was accepted. The allotted duration of the young lady's visit was up on Saturday, and she was expected home, but she did not arrive. The reason was not known until to-day, when it was learned that she had made a sensation in Rockford by entering the factory as a working girl for 60 cents a day, making, with her commission, $60.60 a day.

TRYING TO CREEP OUT.

Mr. Dean was full of grim good humor when he entered the Lumbermen's Exchange today. "I'll have to do something to stop her," he said, "if I am compelled to hire some one to break her arm. I never imagined she would carry it so far, although I thought I saw blood in her eye when I made the offer, but I put her under great restrictions. It was in the agreement that she was to go there as a poor girl and wear a poor girl's raiment. I'll have to investigate that, and if I find that she has been winking at the foreman, or anything like that, then she will forfeit the reward."

"How long do you suppose she will continue at work?"

"Oh, not over a week. Why, bless me, she can't keep it up long, you know, or she will break my credit in the market. Some of the dealers were saying to-day that they would have to watch me closely now. Oh, she'll tire of it by Saturday, and I guess I'll get off with paying her $360."

Convicted of Abduction.

A London cable says: On the 15th of August a respectably dressed young man was arrested in this city charged with having abducted a girl under 18 years of age for immoral purposes. He refused to give his name, but was subsequently recognized by the detectives as John Coulbert, a medical student, employed as a druggist's assistant at 43 Fetter lane. He has been shadowed here for the past eighteen months on account of a report received from Jenkinson's Dublin detectives that he was a strong sympathizer with the more active members of the Fenian organization, and that he was believed to have been mixed up with the attempted assassination of Right Hon. William E. Forster, while Secretary for Ireland, in 1881. He was the first offender arrested for violation of the new Criminal Law Amendment Act, and was to-day convicted of abduction and sentenced to fifteen months' imprisonment. The detectives are confident that before he is discharged they can present a strong case against him under the Treason-Felony Act.

Restored by Faith.

A Louisville despatch says: A special to the *Times* says that for the past year or more Miss Sallie McDonald, of Boyle County, Ky., has been afflicted with a spinal complaint, and has been bedridden the whole time. Last Sunday she was visited by Rev. Mr. Burchfield, of Cincinnati, who prayed with her and received from her assurances that she had faith that God could and would restore her to health. Mr. Burchfield placed his hands upon her head, and she arose perfectly restored. Up to this time she has suffered no relapse, and says she has no apprehension that she will. Miss McDonald is the daughter of Mr. Jesse McDonald, a respected citizen of that county, and is herself a perfectly reliable lady.

The Editor and the Bishop.

It is said His Lordship the Bishop of the diocese on Sunday mixed water with the wine. If this be so, what is the meaning of it? There is no mention of our Lord doing this.—*Regina (N.W.T.) Leader.*

It having been suggested that in a division of Dakota a portion of it should be called Pembina, a correspondent of an American paper says: "Why give a corrupted Indian name to a new State or Territory? Pembina is merely a Canuck corruption of *Nipimina*, meaning "water berry," the Ojibway name of the tree cranberry (*Viburnum Opulus*).

THE CAPTURE OF JEFF DAVIS.

The Confederate Chieftain Denies Some Assertions Concerning Himself.

A New York despatch says: Jefferson Davis publishes a card in which he denies in every particular the story of his capture as told recently by Lieut.Ingrig, of the 4th Indiana Cavalry, at the reunion of that regiment at Indianapolis. Mr. Davis says: "Though accustomed to see slanderous publications in regard to myself, I have read this with no little surprise, because of the total absence of any foundation or pretext on which to build the fiction. I avail myself of your usual courtesy in asking you to publish this seriatim refutation of the several statements of the story. It is not true, as stated, that I was turned over to the custody of one Lieut. Ingrig, 2½ miles (or any other distance) from Macon. The troops by whom I was captured remained my guard to Macon, and a detachment of them accompanied me to Fort Monroe in charge of their own officers. Equally untrue it is that I rode with the said Ingrig and my secretary in an old farm waggon. My private secretary, Burton N. Harrison, now a member of the bar of New York, was captured with me, and rode on horseback to Macon. I had for several days occupied an ambulance with my wife and children, and rode into Macon in it. There was no such cowardly attempt to offer insult to me as would have been shown by hanging over my head the articles of clothing which Ingrig falsely avers I had worn at the time of my capture. Nor did my captors obtain at the time of my capture the hoop skirt, etc., which Ingrig describes, unless they were found among the apparel taken when the trunks of my wife and her female servant were pillaged. On our arrival at the hotel in Macon a small body of troops in front of the entrance were at open ranks, facing inward. When I got out of the ambulance to enter the hotel they presented arms while I passed through, and I received the salute as an expression of the feeling brave men show to a fallen foe. The story of "Capt. Thompson, of the 4th Indiana cavalry," attempting to shoot me as I entered the Macon Hotel is wholly fictitious, and I leave it to that regiment itself to repel the imputation that one of its officers would have been guilty of so dastardly an assault on a prisoner. Upon that falsehood the narrator hangs another, that I met him at the Louisville Hotel in 1872, recognized him, and renewed thanks to him "for saving my life," and that I had previously written a letter of thanks to him. I have not been in the Louisville Hotel since the war. I do not remember ever to have seen or heard of this Lieut. Ingrig at any time or place, and it is not true that, as he alleges, I was eight days in his custody, or that I have ever written to him a letter of thanks. I remained in Macon but a few hours, and was sent forward to Fortress Monroe the evening of the day of my arrival there. Yours respectfully, JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Progress of the Forth Bridge.

The great bridge over the Frith of Forth at Queensferry, Scotland, is progressing slowly but surely. It will take three years yet before the bridge is finally completed. In November last most of the approach piers from the South Queensferry end were completed, but now the whole of the masonry has been executed, including that at the cantilever pier, and some idea can be formed of the manner in which the superstructure work is to be done. For a considerable distance from the shore the top portion of the iron girder work of the bridge has been constructed on the staging between the piers, and when this is completed it will be raised by hydraulic power to the permanent level of 130 feet above high water mark, and form one immense viaduct, about 600 yards in length, to the great south cantilever pier. The most interesting part of the work is to be seen at the caisson piers, but comparatively little progress has been made with the southern set, owing to an unfortunate accident which occurred on New Year's Day, when one of the caissons was capsized, and has not yet been righted. The other members of the southern set are all but completed—the northeastern caisson having only some more masonry work to be executed on it. The work at Inchgarvie, where the central pier is situated, is proceeding very satisfactorily. The two northern caissons are completed and the masonry up to its proper height above sea level, while the southeastern member is being sunk and the southwest caisson has been floated out to its place, and the work of sinking begun. On the north Queensferry side the caisson pier is completed, and a portion of the permanent cylindrical tubing stretched between its two westmost members, while the bed plate for the "skewbacks," and the tying down bolts, have been firmly set in the masonry of the piers. Further to the north the piers have all been completed, and the viaduct girders are in readiness on the staging—the length of the viaduct at this end being 500 yards, and the entire length of the bridge proper 8,700 feet. So far as one can judge, everything that human skill can do to make the great undertaking a stable and strong structure is being done, with due attention even to the most minute detail.

Concerning "Smith."

"Gentlemen," said a candidate for Congress, "my name is Smith, and I am proud to say that I am not ashamed of it. It may be that no person in this crowd owns that very uncommon name. If, however, there be one such let him hold up his head, pull up his dicky, turn out his toes, take courage and thank his stars that there are a few more left of the same sort,

Smith, gentlemen, is an illustrious name,
And stands ever high in the annals of fame,
Let White, Brown and Jones increase as they will,
Believe me that Smith will outnumber them still

Gentlemen, I am proud of being an original Smith; not a Smithe, nor a Smyth, but a regular, natural S-m-i-t-h, Smith. Putting a 'y' in the middle or an 'e' at the end won't do, gentlemen. Who ever heard of a great man by the name of Smythe or Smithe? Echo answers 'who,' and everybody says 'nobody.' But as for Smith, plain S-m-i-t-h, why, the pillars of fame are covered with that honored and revered name. Who were the most racy, witty and popular authors of this century? Horace and Albert Smith. Who the most original, pithy and humorous preacher? The Rev. Sidney Smith. And who, I ask—and I ask the question more seriously and soberly—who, I say, is the man and what is his name, who has fought the most battles, made the most speeches, preached the most sermons, held the most offices, sung the most songs, written the most poems, courted the most women and married the most widows? History says, I say, you say and everybody says, John Smith!"

Just Out of Them.

It is generally known that the local descriptive term for the French Canadians is "habitans," but sometimes ignorance of the meaning of the word results in awkward consequences. A young bride who was charmed with her Canadian tour in every respect was shown the French market as one of the "sights." Not being market day the scene was not as animated as usual, and the visitor was told that on account of the absence of the habitans the market was hardly characteristic. Upon her return the bride gave her opinion of her visit. "Oh, we liked the market very much and could buy everything we had at home except habitans. There wasn't any habitans to-day."—*Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.*

There is trouble between the congregation of Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, and the new rector, Rev. Mr. Morton. Those who asked the rev. gentleman now want him to resign, they thinking him too much of a High Churchman

BARNUM ON JUMBO.

A Wonderful Story Regarding the Big Brute.

THE ANIMAL NOT INSURED.

(New York Sun.)

Mr. Barnum held four telegrams announcing Jumbo's death in one hand at the Murray Hill Hotel the morning after the great animal was killed at St. Thomas.

"All Europe was waiting to see Jumbo," said he, "but his sudden death precludes our going abroad next season, as we intended. It's no use going to Europe without Jumbo, so we'll travel all over the United States with Jumbo's skin stuffed and his skeleton.

"Jumbo has been exhibited to thousands of children in this country and many more in England. He was undoubtedly the largest beast on the face of the earth. He stood 11½ feet high, and weighed seven tons. His bulk was such that a front view of him was almost as wonderful as a side view. The other elephants of other circuses seemed like pigmies beside him. His trunk for several feet after leaving his head was as thick as a stout man's body. When he lifted his head and stretched his trunk upward he could reach up twenty-six feet, or five feet higher than the largest of the other elephants in my herd. He was 26 years old. His loss is indeed great.

"In infancy Jumbo was captured by a band of Arabs in Africa. He was brought across deserts on the back of two camels lashed together, and was fed on camel's milk. At a tender age he was sold to the Jardin des Plantes in Paris. While still a little fellow the Royal Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, London, came in possession of him by swapping other animals. He was not considered a wonderful elephant then, but when 7 or 8 years old he began to grow fast. The story is that people came to see him get bigger while they watched him. As he attained his growth he was used to carrying loads of children upon his back about the gardens, and when so engaged was perfectly tractable. As he grew older, however, he showed an unruly disposition, and was put under close confinement. The council of the Zoological Society became afraid he would sacrifice life, and decided to sell him. I immediately opened negotiations for his purchase. That was in the early part of 1882. For seventeen years the English children had petted him, and it was hard for them to part with the big fellow. But I offered $10,000, and was told that the animal was mine. But, when it became known that it was sold, nearly all England protested against it. Great indignation was expressed by the London press, and the subject of Jumbo soon became a craze. His removal from the country was lamented as a national calamity. The council defended themselves by saying that they were afraid Jumbo would become possessed of the peculiar insanity to which elephants at certain stages of life are subject."

"What about the story that the Prince of Wales was loath to have Jumbo leave England?"

"It was true," said Mr. Barnum," the Prince of Wales went to the Zoological Gardens and tried to stop the sale. Queen Victoria herself interposed. London was on end with excitement. My agent telegraphed me in America that Jumbo could not be got out of the Gardens; that he persisted in lying down, and would not get up. I cabled back, 'Let Jumbo lie.' It was the best advertisement for me I ever had. I was willing to have Jumbo enjoy his sudden ease for a month. Both England and the United States were talking about me and about Jumbo. An injunction suit in Chancery was commenced, and while the matter was before the House of Commons $20,000 was earned by the Council in exhibiting Jumbo a few weeks. Jumbo's provender was sent to New York on two separate ships before we got him out of the Zoological Gardens. Popular feeling ran so high in England that there were rumors that a riot would take place when Jumbo was conveyed out of the Zoological Gardens. John Ruskin wrote: 'England is not in the habit of parting with her pets. If stone walls and chains are necessary to confine Jumbo, England has the stone and iron, and need not go to America for them.' Minister James Russell announced in a public speech that he believed the relations between England and America were undisturbed except in connection with Jumbo.

"To get him to the Monarch Line pier we built a huge crate on wheels and had him put into it. The crate was drawn by a cavalcade of horses. He could have walked, of course, but the Royal Humane Society threatened to imprison us if we stuck a prod in him. There was not room for Jumbo between decks of the steamship Assyrian Monarch, and he had to be kept on the deck several days. Parliament became interested in the matter, and passed a special Act providing for precautions against life by emigrants who accompanied Jumbo to America. We had to cut a hole in the upper deck in order to let Jumbo's head through. In this way, chained in a huge crate, he was brought to America. The Assyrian Monarch arrived here on Sunday morning, April 9th, 1882, after a voyage of fourteen days, and Jumbo was landed in good condition. The elephant and the immense iron-bound box in which he was caged weighed together twelve and a half tons. The box and its freight were hoisted from the steamship by a floating derrick, which was towed to Pier 1. Jumbo was then hauled by sixteen horses to Madison Square Garden. Jumbo cost me, including the price I paid to bring him to America, $30,000. He paid for himself in three weeks. I valued Jumbo at the time of his death at $300,000."

"Was Jumbo insured?"

"He was not," said Mr. Barnum. "I don't insure my animals when they are travelling, because if they meet any accident on the trailway, I hold the company that is transporting them liable. When they are in winter quarters at Bridgeport I have them insured. I held $75,000 in policies on my animals last year."

"What was Jumbo's food?"

"Four hundred pounds of hay, one barrel of potatoes, and one bushel of onions daily. It cost me $80 a day to feed him. He drank water and beer. Jumbo was never unmanageable when he was in my circus. Scott, his English keeper, who has been with him since he was 3 years old, ruled him by kindness. He never used a prod on Jumbo. He taught him nothing except to carry children on his back. This Jumbo had been accustomed to do for years, and no youngsters were in danger while riding on his back around the ring. While travelling throughout the country we transported Jumbo in a special car just large enough to go through tunnels. Scott slept in it with Jumbo. Scott is a great beer drinker, and Jumbo used to share a pailful of the beverage with his keeper every night."

PEACE TO HIS ASHES!

A St. Thomas despatch of yesterday's date says: Precisely at 1 o'clock Prof. Ward, of Rochester, N. Y., his two assistants and a corps of the city butchers stood around the departed Jumbo to take off his skin and remove his bones. There were hundreds on the grounds to view the dead giant. Some enterprising individual secured the privilege of collecting an admission fee. Policemen were placed at suitable points to keep out the crowd, except at the field gate, where admittance was gained by paying five cents. Jumbo still lay on the side of the bank in an admirable position to be advantageously skinned. Two of his legs were so placed that they held him on the incline. The taxidermists and butchers cut down the back and belly and took off half of the skin, then they unjointed the two legs which held him to the bank after which he was rolled over without dignity, and that part of the task was accomplished. The work of dissecting the huge bones was more difficult, and it required all the ingenuity of Prof. Ward to devise means to handle the immense limbs and mass of muscle while this was being accomplished. About four cords of wood were procured and a funeral pyre built and his flesh reduced to ashes.

JOTTINGS ABOUT JUMBO.

Did He Save a Baby Elephant's Life at the Expense of His Own?

A. Haight, of Barnum's show, says that Jumbo was killed while trying to save Tom Thumb from pending death. As Jumbo saw the train only when it was close upon him, he made a rush for his protege and grasping him in his trunk threw him way across the track as if he had been a kitten. The little fellow leaned against a box car and lay there whining like a whipped puppy. Jumbo then tried to get out of the way himself, but it was too late, and was crushed between the engine and the cars. He roared terribly, but his agony was short.

The New York *Tribune* calls attention to the fact that the slaughter of Jumbo took place just at the season when hash begins to occupy a prominent place in hotel bills-of-fare. In view of this, perhaps it would be as well to steer clear of St. Thomas boarding houses for a short season.

A New York contemporary expresses the belief that, had he not been taken in the rear and thus placed at a disadvantage, Jumbo might have butted that freight train out in the first round. He stopped it, however, as effectually as a land-slide would have done.

St. Thomas papers are chuckling over the fact that the place will be widely advertised at the expense of poor Jumbo and Barnum.

Had Jumbo not been killed he might have lived a hundred years or more. Mr. Gray states that some authorities claim that an elephant lives four or five hundred years; others two or three hundred; and the most credible one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty years.

The immense hide of Jumbo, weighing 1,600 pounds, was in pickle at Griffin's pork factory, nearly a ton of salt and 100 pounds of alum being required to cure the hide. It has been shipped in vats with the brine to Rochester.

Jumbo was afraid of nothing but a mouse, a cat or a rat. His keeper says he has heard tremendous howling when a cat ran near him. The sight of a rat would make him shiver. All elephants are so.

Tom Thumb, the clown elephant, has been sent to Bridgeport, Conn., where his broken leg will be properly treated.

Big and tall as Jumbo was he had not attained to his full size, and was expected to grow for three or four years to come. He drank about three barrels of water a day.

In addition to his great size there were several peculiar physical features about Jumbo which excited much curiosity among naturalists, and led some eminent scientists to express the opinion that he was not an elephant at all, but that he was allied to the old and now extinct mastodon species. In his back there was a deep hollow, where, in other elephants, there was a large convex curve, and his head was curved in a marked manner where other elephants are hollow. His knees, too, are not in the same place as are those of other elephants. They are much nearer his thigh, making the upper part of his leg unusually short and the under part unusually long.

JUMBO'S KEEPER.

How the Great Elephant Reminded Him to "Set up the Drinks."

"Poor Scott! I don't know what he'll do without Jumbo. He cares nothing for human companionship. Jumbo was all the world to him. The affection manifested between him and the elephant was simply wonderful. I remember, a year or two ago, when our elephants stampeded and Scott was in a position where he was in danger of being trampled on and killed, Jumbo saw the peril, and reaching out with his trunk snatched Scott up, drew him between his forelegs and kept him there in safety until the herd was quieted. They loved each other dearly. Scott was the elephant and the elephant was Scott. They slept together, ate together and drank together. Scott used to get a bottle of beer just before going to bed in his berth in the car. He generally drank half himself and gave the other half to Jumbo. One night he drank his half and forgot to serve his friend before going to bed. Jumbo waited for what he thought a reasonable time, and then quietly reached over to the berth, lifted Scott out and set him tenderly on the floor. Scott remembered the beer then. Jumbo got his drink and dozed peacefully off."—*Mr. Barnum in N. Y. Times.*

What a Baby Can Do.

It can wear out a $1 pair of kid shoes in twenty-four hours.

It can keep its father busy advertising in the newspapers for a nurse.

It can occupy both sides of the largest-sized bed manufactured simultaneously.

It can cause its father to be insulted by every second-class boarding-house keeper in the city who "never take children," which in nine cases out of ten is very fortunate for the children.

It can make itself look like a fiend just when mamma wants to show "what a pretty baby she has."

It can make an old bachelor in the room adjoining use language that, if uttered on the street, would get him in the penitentiary for two years.

It can go from the farthest end of the room to the foot of the stairs in the hall adjoining quicker than its mother can just step into the closet and out again.

It can go to sleep "like a little angel," and just as mamma and papa are starting for the theatre it can wake up and stay awake until the last act.

These are some of the things that a baby can do. But there are other things as well. A baby can make the commonest home the brightest spot on earth. It can lighten the burdens of a loving mother's life by adding to them. It can flatten its dirty little face against the window pane in such a way that the tired father can see it as a picture before he rounds the corner. Yes, babies are great institutions, particularly one's own baby.—*Newman (N.Y.) Independent.*

Effects of the Electric Arc Light.

The electric arc light is very puzzling in its effects upon the sight, even when the eyes are protected by colored glasses. It brightly illuminates everything on which it is flashed; but it greatly intensifies the apparent darkness on both sides of the actual beam. Seamen, too, who are using the light become "night blind." Ordinarily their night sight is very good. They can at sea readily distinguish objects which to a landsman's unpracticed gaze are invisible; but when electric arc lights have been flashing around them for a few minutes, this valuable gift temporarily deserts them. The general feeling among officers and signalmen seems, therefore, to be that, as a rule, the electric light is rather a nuisance than otherwise.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

Stopping Hiccough.

A Brazilian physician, Dr. Ramos (*Bull. Gen. de Therap.*), states that refrigeration of the lobe of the ear will stop hiccough, whatever its cause may be. Very slight refrigeration will answer, the application of cold water or even saliva being sufficient.

Wash hair brushes and combs in soft water, and liquid ammonia, in the proportion of four teaspoonfuls of liquid ammonia to one quart of water.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

How the Real Ladies' Man is Made Up.

SOME BLUNDERS IN NECK DRESSING.

The Week's Fashion Notes and Other Items of Interest.

The Ladies' Man.

The ingredients which go to the composition of the ladies' man are: A good face, white teeth, a nose that has neither sneers nor snuff about, a very moderate share of sense and an immoderate share of nonsense, mixed according to the Gratiano recipe (that is, in the proportion of two grains of wheat to two bushels of chaff); a voice that sounds agreeably musical in "How-d'ye-do?" in the ante-room, in a quartette or conversation in any room, or in a "good-night" at the extremity of the hall stairs; a back which can bend like a willow, a smirk that does not displease the hostess' confidential maid, hands white, long fingered and acorn nailed, if convenient, legs with some probability of calf, as much superior to the Apollo Belvedere as possible, two eyes of one color, whiskers and hair of his own growth, with washes, essences, lavender soaps, toothpicks and powders, tight waist, tighter pantaloons, etc. He is of an agreeable temper, lightly pleased, and not lightly displeased. He is cheerful to-day as he was yesterday; his boots and his wits were equally brilliant yesterday and to-day. Being independent as to property, he may be considered as a sort of toad-eater—a toad-eater without the venom of one of these reptiles. If his host is disposed to be profoundly axiomatical and says that mock turtle is not real turtle, he does not dispute it, but swallows his host's mock turtle and his real opinion at the same time. His hostess asserts that Chaucer did not write "Comus," and he confesses that his hostess' assertion has staggered an opinion he had held to the contrary. If his host is witty he always laughs in time and tune. His laugh is loud, long and peculiar. His other ones are to hand young ladies to carriages; to hand old ladies to their seats on reception evenings; to quadrille with young ones; to wait on lovely Miss So-and-So between the dances and serve lemonade, ices and jellies with a page's precision and a prince's politeness of back and body; to say handsome things to the beautiful ones; to shop with them at the jeweller's and admire their taste when they prefer French filigree to American reality and sterlingness; at the opera to cry bravo for weak-voiced elderly friends when a favorite tenor sings, and clap no louder than the same when the fairy-footed Ancona dances. These are his principal amusements, and, all together, they make up a very harmless sort of nice being, which no one can more object to than one can to honey and bread for breakfast, honey and biscuit for luncheon, honey and Vienna rolls for dinner.

Blunders in Neck Dressing.

It is a noticeable fact, says the New York *Evening Post*, that scores of the best dressed women in society, whose taste is correct and sometimes almost faultless in the matter of their varied toilets, make the strangest and most unaccountable blunders when they select and arrange their neck dressing. No matter how much is said or written upon the subject, one is sure to see the dumpy, short-necked woman with waves of lace and flaring ruches, bows and frills spread out in every direction, and the long angular woman of the "swan" type with a little pinched collar to her bodice, with a two-inch frill or narrow strip of linen inserted, and five inches of undraped throat above. Another error is the wearing by any lady in the street, or on the cars especially, of a large quantity of white lace about the shoulders in the shape of berthas, fichus, jabots or collarettes, which are appropriate only to the drawing-room. And yet we see every day handsomely and stylishly-dressed ladies who in the matter of their costume show culture and taste, yet lack that one little essential which spoils the rest. A straight linen collar, or a plain ruching with a narrow lace edge finishing it, is becoming to the majority of women; and it may be well to remark that no real lady is ever induced to wear much of anything else upon the street. The slender-necked woman may arrange a little choice lace, a small elegant Spanish scarf about the throat, but this is the limit with ladies who are acknowledged authorities in these matters. There are many ladies, however, to whom a pure white linen collar is actually disfiguring, often inexplicably so, even to those who have fairer complexions than those the collar becomes. In vain they try one on again and over again in hopes of a new result, only to cast it aside in disgust. Such ladies find that plaitings of stamine, net and tulle are far better suited to them, and the stores are filled this season with lines of dainty neck ruchings and fraises which are new, ladylike and most becoming.

Babies' Clothing.

Babies' clothing, writes Clara Belle, includes complete outfits of slips, skirts, shirts, merino shawls, flannel sacks, bibs, dainty bootees, Shetland shawls and caps, and all the paraphernalia of these bits of humanity. Some are of the finest material, with rich embroidery or laces. A dainty christening robe is made of French nainsook, trimmed with Florentine insertion and lace. Rosettes of white satin adorn the front, bordered on either side with a row of insertion, beginning at the shoulder. The skirt is finished with two deep ruffles of Florentine lace, and the tiny sleeves are prettily trimmed with the insertion and lace. An exquisite cap of real lace completes this charming christening outfit. Apropos of these infantile robes, fond mammas take pleasure in dressing their babies in a gown descended from one of their parents. Happily for their sentiment, change of styles doesn't conflict, and there is an adaptability in such an attire that only distinguishes this early period. The long cloaks intended for infants in arms are made of soft surah or pretty cashmere in white and delicate colors. A pretty one in white cashmere is shirred at the neck and trimmed with fine lace. French merino, with a long sack and cape reaching half-way down, is embroidered in blue, to match the material, on both edges. More dressy is one of white surah, also made with a deep cape, which is shirred at the neck and finished with a band of embroidery above crimped silk fringe. A pink cashmere is made to look quaint with a narrow collar of embroidery shirred at the neck. It falls over a sack tucked in front and back, and tied with a ribbon. Embroidery and lace have taken the place of Irish point trimming this season for these garments. A pretty cloak for a 2-year-old child is of white pique with a shoulder cape fitted to the waist and a plaited skirt. It is trimmed with diagonal bands of fine insertion. Hand embroidery forms a dainty trimming for these little ones' dresses.

Sensible Girls.

Rev. Mr. Walker was in a sarcastic mood at the Baptist ministers' meeting the other day. With cynical expression curling round his lips he said: "I have heard girls tease their mothers for hats and pianos, but I never heard one cry for a broom and dustpan." No; and he never heard one tease for the toothache, either. Girls are sensible enough to know that the two most disagreeable things on the planet are a broom and a dustpan. When a man is seated in his easy chair looking over the newspaper a sight of these two implements of household warfare makes him sneeze in anticipation of what is coming. He is routed out of the sitting room, then out of the parlor, and, last of all, out of the house. One can look at a spectre at midnight with more equanimity than at a woman with a broom in one hand, a dustpan in the other, and an expression of face which shows plainly that a whole legion of "cleaning house" demons have taken possession of her. Why should young girls cry for such things?

Fashion Jottings.

As yet there is no marked change in the arrangement of back drapery. Everybody seems eminently satisfied with the present system and the "back bunches."

The earliest novelty in woollen goods is the heavy homespun, a material enough like an army blanket to suit even the girl from "Yurrup" and her mar.

The tailor suit starts in with more than a healthy prestige—that is, the tailor-finished suit, there being a vast difference in the meaning of the words as understood by different factions. The tailor-made costume remains the most expensive in any lady's wardrobe excepting a fall reception dress.

Strange to say, the old name, diagonal, descriptive of a katty-cornered from right-to-left kind of goods, returns tacked on the new fall suitings, much to the surprise of those who rush down town to become familiar with autumn's nomenclature.

Everybody supposed that side-panels would be relegated to some other use about the house, as it was not likely that fashion would continue to hold herself together in this way. The side-panel has been forced on those who are in the dark-of-the-moon about the coming dress.

Of late years heavy cords and tassels have not been devoted to the sole use of Friar Lawrence, the sentimental party with a receipt for innocuous poison or returned uncle from India with the plague, as society finds new and unheard-of uses for even the coarsest jute. A very stylish arrangement of corded seine-work unites with the homespun to produce an extremely imposing-looking shopping dress. Of this material Marguerite bags are made, and no doubt belts and chatelaines will be seen. Braid basket-work resembles the cane-seat bottom of a steamer chair.

It is more than probable, however, that the foreign powers will spring an unbearable something on us after we have bought and made up our homespuns, using the braid, buttons, silk lining, the distinguishing marks of the so-long-a-time best dress; for the returned resorter is absolutely without "anything to wear."

At this time of the year there is a violent outbreak of jackets. Jackets, long jackets, short, single, double-breasted—in fact, fall garments designed for a million individual tastes. The liveliest interest is displayed by the feminine world always in the first fall outer-garment. The Battenburg is intensely homely, enough to please the most ultra Anglo-maniac. The Figaro is a clumsy Norwegian affair, despite its French name, short and loose in front, a box-plaited blouse in the back, under a strap belt, ornamented with ivory balls as large as English walnuts.

Hoods were not exhausted last season, as some of the latest dress waists, as well as the jackets and redingotes, seen have a queer kind of hood made by the Watteau back rather than from the shoulder as formerly, fastened low down and lined with bright surah or twilled umbrella silk, which is more durable. Waterproof garments are truly novelties, and come in English Oxford checks, the first attempt to humanize a hideous necessity. A street-full of black dominos, where one looked for women, has been the customary rainy day outrage. Anything which dissipates this gloom will be gratefully accepted by humanity.

Cimmerian darkness reigns in the region whence the new bonnets are to come. Privileged people who have seen fall bonnets in Europe, or their embryo here, have entered into solemn compact and taken the mysterious grip not to divulge a secret which must go down to history as the only one femininity has ever been accused of keeping. The explanation of this, in all probability, is that the origin of the bonnet is to come rests in the masculine mind. This is disagreeable, because nobody will be able to get a hint of the crop until it is harvested. The early make-shift bonnet, which everybody wears and nobody believes in, is either a poke or a capote, with everything in the house on top of it, millinerily speaking.

Possibilities in lace are just being opened up to the human eye. A cobwebby dentelle known to the fairies who work by moonlight—otherwise the blind Bavarian maker in her cellar—devoted to bridal veils and flounces, bears no more relation to the scratchy, woollen fabric conceded to be lace by imaginative people than a human air-ship to Ariel's gossamer cloud. Yet it is lace, and has entered into the second season of its rage. It is called yak and Angora, and is woolly enough in all conscience. The best thing about the deep brown yak flouncing is that it is a perfect screen for threadbare or *passe* skirt-fronts. It is impossible to see a grease-spot through it. This feature renders it of inestimable value. It comes in dark blue, brown, gray, tan or unites favorite colors.

Every woman in the world of fashion or on its outskirts is holding her breath over the possible downfall of jet passementerie. The saddest whisper spoken yet would be there is an end of jet. Jet, as a trimming, seems to have renewed its hold on the upper classes—once considerably relaxed, when beaded dress fronts were sold for a song—but, until some universal trimming shall be found as highly ornamental and effective to take its place in embellishing a black silk suit, there is no fear but jet will be bought and lavishly used. Not so much in separate ornaments as in jetted flounces, fringe and magnificent gimp, four inches wide. The most valuable characteristic in the gimps is that they are as nearly indestructible as may be. This is the "one thing needful." Iridescent beads are fully as fashionable as last year.

Notes for the Kitchen.

If meat bakes too fast cover with buttered paper.

Small fruit dipped in white of an egg, then in sugar, or large fruits cut up and served the same way, are pretty for the table.

To can large fruits lay them on a cloth in the steamer until soft; put them in the cans, and pour on boiling syrup, as sweet as you wish it

Don't cook tomatoes in iron or stir them with an iron spoon.

Use great care when pickling or preserving in a brass kettle. Scour the kettle just before using, and never let food stand in it after it is cooked.

To prevent milk from scorching on the bottom of a dish when heating, grease the kettle with a bit of butter before turning in the milk.

To restore rubber rings for fruit jars, take two parts of water and one of ammonia: let the hardened rings lie in this mixture from five minutes to half an hour, as may be needed to restore their elasticity.—*The Home.*

Household Notes.

To remove the stains of French shoe polish, either from woollen or cotton goods, wash the spot with tallow soap and let it stand for an hour or so, then wash in clean water, and afterwards proceed as with any soiled article.

If matting, counterpanes, or bed spreads have oil spots on them, wet with alcohol, rub with hard soap, and then rinse with clear, cold water.

No matter how large the spot of oil, any carpet or woollen stuff can be cleaned by applying buckwheat, plentifully and faithfully, brushing it into a dust pan after a short time, and putting on fresh until the oil has all disappeared. Never put on liquid of any kind to cleanse such a spot.—*Brooklyn Magazine.*

Advertising Cheats!!!

"It has become so common to begin an article in an elegant, interesting style,

"Then run it into some advertisement, that we avoid all such,

"And simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain, honest terms as possible,

"To induce people

"To give them one *trial*, which so proves their value that they will never use anything else."

"THE REMEDY so favorably noticed in all the papers,

Religious and secular, is

"Having a large sale, and supplanting all other medicines.

"There is no denying the virtues of the Hop plant, and the proprietors of Hop Bitters have shown great sherwdness and ability * *

"In compounding a medicine whose virtues are so palpable to every one's observation."

Did She Die?

"No!

"She lingered and suffered along, pining away all the time for years."

"The doctors doing her no good;"

"And at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about."

"Indeed! Indeed!"

"How thankful we should be for that medicine."

A Daughter's Misery.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery.

"From a complication of kidney, liver, rheumatic trouble and Nervous debility,

"Under the care of the best physicians,

"Who gave her disease various names,

"But no relief,

"And now, she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had shunned for years before using it." THE PARENTS.

☞None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

Col. Walker will again settle down in London, Ont., where he intends to reside permanently for the future.

Fair Evidence for Everybody.

No one can doubt the great merit of Polson's NERVILINE, for it has been placed in the market in 10 cent bottles, just to give you the opportunity of testing its wonderful power over all kinds of pain. This is the best evidence of its efficiency, for every person can try for themselves. Polson's Nerviline is a positive (it cannot fail) cure for cramps, headache, colds, neuralgia, and the host of pains that flesh is heir to. Good to take, good to rub on. Go to any drug store and buy a 10 cent sample bottle. Large bottles 25 cents.

A story current in Hartford, Conn., relates that Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, speaking of the length of her residence in that city, said: "I don't remember when I came; I do not live by years." This being repeated to Mark Twain, "I wish," he observed, "the tax-collector would adopt that principle."

Carrying War

into the enemy's country. This is verified in the case of Putnam's Corn Extractor, so favorably known through Canada. The large demand from the United States for this great corn cure has induced the proprietors to put it up there, and boldly push it to the front as the leading article in its line. From England also a demand has arisen. This is the reverse of the usual methods, as a large portion of the proprietory goods sold here emanate from these countries. This speaks highly in favor of Putnam's Extractor, the great corn cure. We advise sufferers from this discomfort to test its merit.—Exchange.

"The German race," says Mr. Talmage, the preacher, telling of the travels from which he has returned, "have attained a wonderful state of development, both mental and physical. You can talk with a cab-driver on a scientific subject and get intelligent answers."

"I Don't Want Relief, But Cure,"

is the exclamation of thousands suffering from catarrh. To all such we say: Catarrh can be cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It has been done in thousands of cases; why not in yours? Your danger is in delay. Enclose a stamp to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., for pamphlet on this disease.

The gas well at Port Colborne is now sunk to the depth of 650 feet, and although the cuttings are strongly impregnated with gas, no vein has yet been tapped that amounts to much. The directors are still confident, however, and down, down goes the drill.

Weak lungs, spitting of blood, consumption, and kindred affections, cured without physician. Address for treatise, with two stamps, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Prof. A. Landmark, director of the Norwegian fisheries, has studied the capability of salmon to jump waterfalls. He has seen a salmon jump sixteen feet perpendicularly in the Drams River, at Haugsand, where two great masts have been placed across the river for the study of the habits of the salmon, so that exact measurements may be affected.

TO DEALER AND CONSUMER.

We import only the finest qualities of Coffee and Spice.

Our BLENDED COFFEE, sold ground and unground in 1 lb. tins, is a perfect luxury.

Our 10c. tins of PURE SPICE are perfection; all our goods branded "pure" are guaranteed free from adulteration.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER, is "*The Cook's Best Friend.*"

The Trade supplied with whole Roasted and Ground Coffees in AIR-TIGHT SACKS, or 25 lb. tins.

PURE GROUND SPICES in all sized packages.

W. G. DUNN & CO.,
CANADA MILLS, HAMILTON.

WESLEYAN LADIES' COLLEGE
HAMILTON, CANADA.

THE OLDEST AND THE MOST COMPLETE Ladies' College in the Dominion; has over 190 graduates; has educated over 2,000 young ladies; has over 150 rooms and every convenience for comfort and health. Unusual advantages in Music and Art. Opens Sept. 1st. Address the Principal, A. BURNS, D.D., LL.D. (Mention this paper.)

D C N L. 40 85.

R. U. AWARE
THAT
Lorillard's Climax Plug
bearing a red tin tag; that Lorillard's Rose Leaf fine cut; that Lorillard's Navy Clippings, and that Lorillard's Snuffs, are the best and cheapest, quality considered?

PLACE to secure a Business Education or Spencerian Penmanship at the SPENCERIAN BUSINESS COLLEGE
Circulars free

THE NEW IMPROVED

SINGER

SEWING MACHINE.

M. ROSEBUSH,

Agent for the sale of these first-class machines for the County of Haliburton, is meeting with great success and finds that the machines sold are giving the very best satisfaction.

Parties desiring a machine may rely on getting a satisfactory one in the Improved Singer. Three quarters of all the Sewing Machines sold throughout the world last year were Genuine Singers.

M. ROSEBUSH, — HALIBURTON.

HALIBURTON

GRIST MILL.

Having thoroughly refitted the above mill during the last season at considerable expense, and having adopted the new process of milling, we are now prepared to

Gristing and Chopping

in the best manner possible.

Haliburton Flour, per 100, $1.50
Lindsay Flour, from $2.00 to 2.25
Beef, - - - 3.00 to 5.00

Cash paid for Ties, Posts, Cordwood, Pulp Wood and all kinds of Farm Produce.

P. CONWAY.

PROVISIONAL COUNTY OF HALIBURTON

TREASURER'S

SALE OF LANDS

FOR TAXES.

PROVISIONAL COUNTY OF HALIBURTON, To Wit: } BY virtue of a Warrant issued by the Warden of the Provisional County of Haliburton, and authenticated by the Seal of the said Provisional County, bearing date 5th day of September, 1885, and to me directed, for the collection of the arrears of taxes due for three years or over upon the Lands hereinafter mentioned and described, being in the Provisional County of Haliburton. These are therefore to give notice that unless the said Taxes, together with all the lawful costs and charges, be sooner paid, I shall, on TUESDAY, the TWENTY-SECOND day of DECEMBER, 1885, at the hour of ONE o'clock in the afternoon, at the Town Hall, Minden, in the said Provisional County, proceed to sell by Public Auction the said lands, or so much thereof as may be sufficient to discharge such arrears, and costs and charges incurred.

Description.	Lots.	Cons.	Acres.	Taxes.	Costs.	Total.	Remarks.
TOWNSHIP OF MINDEN.							
	30	A	100	$ 16 24	$ 2 06	$20 30	Unpatented
	31	A	100	18 24	2 06	20 30	Unpatented
	32	A	121	18 24	2 06	20 30	Patented
	6	2	100	18 99	2 07	21 06	Patented
	10	3	100	22 04	2 15	24 19	Patented
	11	3	100	13 75	1 94	15 69	Patented
	18	3	100	21 23	2 12	23 36	Patented
	14	4	100	18 48	2 06	20 54	Unpatented
	12	4	100	18 48	2 06	20 54	Unpatented
	15	7	81	10 79	1 86	12 65	Unpatented
	5	8	118	18 93	2 07	21 00	Unpatented
	6	8	101	17 33	2 03	19 36	Unpatented
	14	8	60	19 96	2 10	22 06	Unpatented
	15	8	62	19 98	2 10	22 08	Unpatented
	16	9	100	21 27	2 13	23 40	Unpatented
	4	12	100	18 24	2 06	20 30	Unpatented
	16	12	100	19 77	2 09	21 86	Unpatented
	24	13	97	21 61	2 14	23 75	Unpatented
	31	2	97	83 82	3 70	87 52	Patented
TOWNSHIP OF SNOWDON.							
	21	1	144	30 36	2 36	32 72	Patented
	17	1	125	75 06	3 48	78 54	Patented
	8	2	100	28 37	2 33	30 70	Patented
	22	2	100	25 57	2 24	27 81	Unpatented
	28	2	100	27 79	2 29	30 08	Unpatented
	30	2	100	30 36	2 36	32 72	Unpatented
	32	3	100	27 03	2 28	29 31	Unpatented
	4	4	100	40 01	2 60	42 61	Unpatented
	11	4	100	31 46	2 39	33 85	Unpatented
	22	4	100	28 66	2 32	30 98	Unpatented
	30	4	50	28 16	2 30	30 46	Unpatented
	31	4	60	31 48	2 39	33 87	Unpatented
South ½	2	5	50	24 05	2 20	26 25	Patented
	11	6	100	14 65	1 97	16 62	Patented
South ½	11	9	52	32 78	2 42	35 10	Patented
	7	12	100	31 58	2 39	33 97	Unpatented
	8	12	100	31 58	2 39	33 97	Unpatented
North West part	22	12	5	9 71	1 84	11 55	Patented
	18	14	130	54 80	2 97	57 77	Patented
TOWNSHIP OF LUTTERWORTH.							
	7	2	100	19 44	2 09	21 53	Patented
	10	2	100	19 44	2 09	21 53	Unpatented
	12	2	100	20 17	2 10	22 27	Unpatented
	9	3	100	18 57	2 06	20 63	Unpatented
	1	6	91	24 15	2 20	26 35	Patented
	14	7	100	27 09	2 28	29 37	Unpatented
	18	9	68	15 87	1 98	17 85	Unpatented
Part	2	A	8	9 20	1 83	11 03	Patented
	7	A	100	30 28	2 36	32 64	Patented
	14	A	81	27 97	2 30	30 27	Patented
	18	A	100	42 84	2 77	45 61	Patented
TOWNSHIP OF GLAMORGAN.							
	2	6	99	40 28	2 61	42 89	Unpatented
	20	10	97	33 47	2 44	35 91	Unpatented
	20	15	105	20 48	2 11	22 59	Unpatented
TOWNSHIP OF ANSON.							
	11	A	80	18 54	2 06	20 60	Patented
	24	A	100	18 68	2 07	20 75	Unpatented
	25	A	100	3 76	1 69	5 45	Patented
	29	A	100	18 68	2 07	20 75	Unpatented
	30	A	98	16 79	2 09	18 81	Patented
TOWNSHIP OF HINDON.							
	1	A	100	28 86	2 52	30 38	Patented
	2	A	100	21 57	2 14	23 71	Patented
	10	3	100	7 48	1 79	9 27	Unpatented
	18	4	79	6 15	1 75	7 90	Unpatented
	11	5	80	6 39	1 76	8 15	Unpatented
	12	5	100	6 97	1 77	8 74	Unpatented
TOWNSHIP OF STANHOPE.							
	19	1	90	54 80	2 97	57 86	Patented
	14	3	102	27 85	2 30	30 15	Patented
	21	4	100	39 00	2 57	41 57	Unpatented
TOWNSHIP OF DYSART.							
	13	4	100	[illegible]	2 36	32 34	Patented
TOWNSHIP OF DUDLEY.							
	6	4	91	3 59	1 69	5 28	Patented
TOWNSHIP OF GUILFORD.							
	11	4	30	11 52	1 89	13 41	Patented
TOWNSHIP OF HARCOURT.							
	22	12	100	9 81	1 85	11 66	Patented

M. BROWN, County Treasurer.

County Treasurer's Office, Minden, Sept. 18th, 1885. }

(The above list was first published in the Minden ECHO, on the 18th day of September, 1885.)

VISITORS TO LINDSAY

Should not fail to visit the City Store and inspect the largest, most varied and best assorted stock of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Millinery and Mantles, Carpets, Oilcloths, Linoleums and Housefurnishings in the Midland counties. FINE MERCHANT TAILORING is a leading specialty with us. Our Mr. CATHRO, a practical cutter of 20 years' experience, is at the head of this department—gives it his sole and special attention. Our stock of English, Scotch, Irish, French and Canadian Tweeds, Suitings, Overcoatings, Trouserings, Vestings, etc., is unprecedently large and varied in all the newest and latest novelties of modern taste and design. We take a pride in pleasing our patrons and furnishing them with clothing conspicuous for original ideas, perfection of fit, with grace and ease combined, artistic cut, skillful workmanship, durable trimmings, and the exquisite taste displayed in the finish of garments.—READY MADE CLOTHING.—Overcoats, Suits, Coats, Pants and Vests for Men and Boys, at the lowest prices to be had anywhere.

HATS AND CAPS.

In Hats and Caps, a fair display,
We always keep in view;
The latest styles are here to-day,
Neat, handsome, trig and new.

GENTS FURNISHINGS.

In Shirts or Collars, Color Ties,
We make the best display;
You purchase here and we will try
To make you bright and gay.

MILLINERY.

In Mantle and Millinery Ribbons and Lace,
Our show rooms are dressed to a T,
The people all say, "What a beautiful place,
Its worth our while coming to see."
The ladies are glad, and with joy declare,
"Our terms agree with the times."
Our goods are all new, and our prices are fair;
And thus we are catering for dimes.

Soothern, Cathro & Mark,

CITY DRAPERS and CLOTHIERS, LINDSAY,

No. 2, Dobson's Block, 2 Doors West of the Post Office.

Lindsay, Sept. 13th, 1885.

NORTH STAR ROLLER MILLS.

McDougall Brandon & Alan,

PROPRIETORS,

FENELON FALLS, - - - ONTARIO,

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN

Flour and Feed, and Grain and Prodice of all kinds, Wholesale and Retail.

Having recently built a new mill, thoroughly equipped with the latest improved machinery, including the latest new roller process, we are now enabled to turn out a superior grade of flour, which will be found to surpass almost every other make.

BEST FAMILY FLOUR IN THE MARKET.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT!

McDOUGALL, BRANDON & ALLAN.

Fenelon Falls, March 21, 1885.

ADMITTED!

The Lragest, Cheapest and Best stock in this section.

NEW Dress Goods, Hats, Caps, Shirts and Ties.

NEW Boots and Shoes.

NEW Grocery Stock, cheap.

NEW Stock of Clothing.

NEW FRESH TAILOR, imported.

TAILOR SHOP BOOMING.

Trade Good. Cheap New Goods bring us custom.

JAMES WATSON, - - - KINMOUNT.

CURRY'S

DRUG STORE

We carry a full and very complete stock of

DRUGS, CHEMICALS & DYE STUFFS

Patent Medicines, Paints, Oils, Toilet Articles, Perfumery.
Stationery, School Books, Reading Matter, and a full line Fancy Goods and Notions, such as are usually found in a first-class Drug and Stationery Store.
THE EMPIRE HORSE AND CATTLE FOOD for sale in large and small quantities.

Call and examine our Stock and learn our Reasonable Prices.

Main Street, - Minden.

ROY Speaks TO THAT "YOUNG" MAN.

WAR, WAR,

The first in the field and the last to leave it. Our patrons are not to be deceived by the "Peace" at any price "Policy," and milk-and-water statement of our youthful competitor, whose "Booming is more adapted to the region where the heathen rage and the people imagine vain things," while they seek to bamboozle the unwary. The transparency of their "refuge of lies" is apparent to all, doubtless the wish for "rest and contentment," but having once raised the STANDARD OF LOW PRICES, we have no desire to go back on those who have so nobly stood by us in the conflict against high prices, and we are determined to have NO SURRENDER, but with the help of our friends intend to stand firm to our standard.

We are preparing our ammunition for the fall campaign, We are determined to make every shot tell; remember we fire straight for the mark. We are now firing a volley of 25 yards of Cotton for $1; 25 yards Print for $1; 10 yards Good Shirting for $1; 12 yards Dress Goods for $1; 10 yds Linen for $1; 6 Linen Towels for 25c.; 30 lbs. Good Currants for $1; 17 lbs. very bright sugar for $1; 15 lbs. white Sugar for $1; 2 Cans Fresh Salmon for 25c.; Flour and Pork at the lowest cut prices, &c., &c.

Remember our motto

"WAR TO HIGH PRICES."

Rally round our standard that once unfurled in your interests may spread its folds to the prosperous gale. Call and see us with your Cash and Produce and get a hearty greeting at

ROY'S,

KING OF LOW PRICES.

MINDEN and KINMOUNT.

VICTORIA HOTEL, KINMOUNT.
WM. DUNBAR, PROPRIETOR.

This well-known hotel has been thoroughly renovated by the present proprietor and now offers good accommodation for all who may pay it a visit. The travelling public and lumbermen will find this the best hotel in the north. Choice liquors and cigars always on hand. Good stabling and attentive hostlers.

MINDEN WOOLEN MILLS.
JOHN GOODMAN, PROPRIETOR.

CUSTOM CARDING, FULLING, SHEARING AND PRESSING done at short notice. Shanty blankets promptly washed at 10c. per pair. Wool for carding delivered at Roy's Store, Kinmount, will be taken to this mill and returned to Kinmount free of freight.

Spinning Wheels and Reels always on hand for sale.

All kinds of Wood Turning done to order on short notice and at low prices.—e-m.

HARNESS, HARNESS.

Having opened a new Harness Shop in the Brick Block, in the

Village of Minden

and having had considerable experience in the manufacture of Harness, we are able to make it in all styles at the

LOWEST LIVING PRICES.

A good stock of Collars and Made-up Harness will always be kept in stock.

Curry Combs, Brushes and all Saddlers' Sundries constantl on hand

Farmers will kindly accept this intimation, and leave their orders with us for any they may want in the line.

Repairing promptly and carefully done.

ALFRED PALMER,

MANAGER.

IT WOULD PAY YOU TO STAND ON YOUR HEAD TO READ THIS!

Owing to disappointment in not getting premises to move into, I have decided to remain in Lindsay, and will continue to sell goods at lower prices than ever.

As I pay Spot Cash for all my goods and save a nice profit in discounts, I am enabled to sell at much closer prices than those who buy on long credit and pay outside prices.

OUR FALL AND WINTER STOCK, which is daily arriving, will be found very complete in every department.

We are showing nice lines in DRESS GOODS, Black and Colored Cashmeres, Velveteens, Miltons, Plain and Plaid Wincies, White and Colored Cantons, Grey and White Shaker, Plain and Fancy Flennels, Cretonnes, Lace Cur- Table Linens, Colored Tabling, Table Napkins, Towels, etc.

SPECIAL BARGAINS in Grey and White Blankets, Comforters, Coverlids, Etc.

Clothing and Gents' Furnishings in abundance, Suits, Pants, Overalls, Underclothing, Cardigans, Plain and Fancy Top Shirts, Ties, Braces, Collars, Etc.

Boots and Shoes for EVERYBODY.

A NICE ASSORTMENT TO SELECT FROM.

CALL, INSPECT, BUY AND BE HAPPY.

N. B.—See our 5c Cotton.

S. S. RITCHIE,

2 Doors South of Benson House, Lindsay.

JOHN WELCH,

General Blacksmith and

WAGGON-MAKER.

Having the best equipped shop in the northern country for turning out all kinds of work in my line, I am prepared to give you the best satisfaction.

All kinds of jobbing promptly done.

Give me a call.

JOHN WELSH.

Minden, Aug., 27th, 1884.

WHEN YOU REQUIRE

A GOOD FARM WAGGON,
A NICE DEMOCRAT,
Or an EASY BUGGY.

Call and leave your order with

MARK MORRISON.

I make Waggons, Buggies, Sleighs and Cutters at very low prices, and give satisfaction in every case.

Horseshoeing promptly and carefully done.

Repairing at short notice and at lowest prices for cash.

M. MORRISON.

Minden, 27th Aug., 1884.

GO TO PEARCE'S GENERAL STORE, MINDEN,

For Cheap and Reliable Dry Dry Goods, Groceries, Ready Made Clothing, Boots Shoes, and Hardware. Remember we buy in the best markets for Cash and will not be undersold. If you want a Cheap and Durable Suit of Clothes, go to Pearce's General Store and be suited. Pearce's Groceries are Choice, New Clean and Cheap, especialy the Teas, which cannot be equalled at the price. Remember when buying At Pearce's you get good value for your money. We do not keep shoddy or trashy dry goods A large stock of Guns and Rifles of the best make at prices lower than ever before offered.

F. J. PEARCE.